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William Morris and the Modern Movement

By SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN

A centenary exhibition of the work of William Morris (born March 24, 1834; died October 3, 1896) was opened on February 9 by Mr. Baldwin at the Victoria and Albert Museum

THERE is much to be said for centenary celebrations. They provide an opportunity for bringing together, and re-appraising, scattered and forgotten work, and for dispassionate reconsideration of its place in the national Valhalla. Last year a number of paintings and drawings by Sir Edward Burne-Jones were assembled at Millbank; now an exhibition of William Morris' life-work has been arranged at the Victoria and Albert Museum. By a fortunate chance this coincides with the exhibition of British Art at Burlington House, for William Morris' was, as much as Hogarth's, Blake's and Constable's, an essentially English genius. Indeed in his work and thought the early spirit of English art is linked to its later expression. Yet, for all its national flavour, Morris' art gave a new impulse, and changed the form and direction of European design and craftsmanship. Morris' is one of those names the mention of which evokes a world of his own creation. By what magic, then, did Morris achieve his unique fame?

The Nature of Morris' Faith

It is difficult for young people today to understand the exciting influence Morris exercised on his own generation

and on that of his immediate followers. For them he could do no wrong; his work, his word, were above criticism. True, he was built in heroic mould. His unceasing energy, his mastery over technical difficulties, his fervour of production as poet* and artist, stirred the imagination and made him a fit subject for hero-worship. But the secret of his fascination lay elsewhere. It is in Morris the visionary, in the Utopia of which he dreamed, that it must be looked for.

His faith that in art and workmanship as an integral part of daily life could be found the solution of social ills had, fifty years ago, a reality of which today there is little conception. Men held to the belief as an actuality just beyond their grasp. Unless we understand this faith, the positive nature of this belief, we shall fail to realise the quality of Morris' influence. It was this that led him and others to Socialism. But Socialism without art would have had no appeal for Morris. He visualised a world of work, human and satisfying for all, with beauty and contentment as a result.

A Company of Friends

It was a part of his faith that artists should co-operate in making things of beauty, besides pictures; hence he early looked to his painter friends to help him in their

*Of Morris' lyrical and epic poetry I have said nothing; of this it is more fitting that someone else should speak. Whoso wishes to know of Morris the man will find his likeness in two classic biographies: J. W. Mackail's *Life of William Morris*, and Lady Burne-Jones' biography of her husband.



Detail of the decoration by Morris on a cabinet designed by Philip Webb

Victoria and Albert Museum

provision. Philip Webb, who built his first house, designed his first pieces of furniture; also the birds and animals for his fabrics. Webb's early pieces of furniture were, it must be confessed, more suited to Icelandic interiors than to English homes. Later, more shapely pieces were made, some of which, designed by George Jack, and beautifully executed, are in the memorial exhibition. Rossetti, Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, William de Morgan, even Albert Moore and Simeon Solomon, designed his stained glass and his tiles. It is to be regretted that, at Burlington House, no room has been given for the display of the early nineteenth-century painters. The change from the mellow air of the eighteenth century to the somewhat rarefied temperature of the pre-Raphaelite paintings is too sudden, even for our English climate; visitors are apt to get chilled, or else feverish. No such risk attends the visitor to the North Court at South Kensington. Here Morris and his fellow designers are in close sympathy with the craftsmanship shown throughout the Victoria and Albert Museum. Indeed it was the strength and comeliness of man's earlier handiworks, of the thirteenth century especially, that affected Morris, and which he laboured to embody in his own. For Morris, like Ruskin, cursed the spiritual poverty which attended the material wealth of the industrial revolution. He saw, as many see today, that positive ugliness was one of the discoveries of the breathlessly inventive nineteenth century, and, poet and artist as he was, he determined to dedicate himself to the humbler activities of the working craftsman. Beginning with chairs and tables, he finally provided the wherewithal for the seemingly furnishing of a household from kitchen to attic. Not for him the mere likeness, through pleasant appearance, of something ill-done to something well-made.

First and foremost his materials must be honest and durable. Of the ability of himself and his friends as designers he had no doubt; but the permanence of dye and fabric calls for careful research, and the more knowledge he gained, the more he realised the need for honest workmanship as a basis for manufacture. So leaving the art of painting to Rossetti and Burne-Jones*, he took up one craft after another—furniture, stained glass, tiles, embroidery, wallpapers and chintzes, giving a new life to each, himself organising in great part, looking to Rossetti, Madox Brown and Burne-Jones for cartoons for his stained glass. But it was always Morris who was the inspiring and driving force, while giving himself to the business of a manufacturer. How fertile was Morris' invention, how deft his hand, may be seen in the many original designs for embroideries, chintzes and wallpapers brought together at South Kensington. Some of the embroideries, also shown, were carried out by Miss Morris.

Reviving the Art of Tapestry

Morris, within certain limits, had no objection to the machine—he used loom and printing press—when directed by human intelligence and fed with honest material. Later, he set up dye-shops and bleaching grounds at Merton Abbey, where he recovered the lost art of indigo dyeing. He saw the decadence of the former great art of the East, and believed that the only hope of its revival must come from the West. He would, therefore, make England independent of the East for carpets 'which may claim to be considered works of art', and he manufactured carpets of bright beauty. Not content with this, he started the most daring and difficult of his enterprises, a high-warp tapestry loom, going to the Gobelins factory for

*An early painting by his hand, 'La Belle Iseult', lent by Miss Morris to the centenary exhibition, shows Morris to have been no mean painter

guidance, and then sat down to the loom himself to learn its compass before he took apprentices*. It is worth noting that for apprentices he took ordinary boys, showing no particular bent, who yet turned out, in every case, to be reliable craftsmen. For the tapestries he had woven he was able to count on the precious partnership of Burne-Jones. Herein Burne-Jones is seen at his purest, his lovely designs freed from the material complexities of paint. No such noble hangings as their great tapestries, the Adoration of the Kings at Exeter College Chapel, the San Graal series at Birmingham and at Lord Lee's house at Richmond, and the complete set of these lent by the Duke of Westminster to the centenary exhibition, have been woven since the days of the great Flemish weavers. Between Morris and Burne-Jones there was perfect understanding; each had in the other a unique interpreter of his own vision. Both turned wistfully to the past, not as men taking short cuts to a achievement (though rights of way across the fields of art are taken again and again by artists, not least frequently by living artists) or to clothe their works in hired garments, but because to them the Arthurian legend represented the very archetype of passionate life. In France, Puvis de Chavannes likewise conceived a land of heart's desire—his was a vision of ancient Greece. With his ideal vision Puvis combined a broader

naturalism. A fresher air blew about the limbs of his heroic figures than came into the secluded garden of Morris and Burne-Jones. But within the close yew-hedges what lovely women wandered, what lovely flowers bloomed and birds sang! If the sounds without are hushed, is it to be wondered that at times the human spirit desires escape from the din and dust of the streets? But it is to misunderstand Morris unless one sees that he envisaged an escape into the future, as well as into the past.

The tapestries woven on the looms at Merton Abbey will remain among the supreme examples of a purely English art; they are true master-works. To the writer it is surprising that such tapestries should never have been commissioned for the decoration of a Royal Palace, the Houses of Parliament, or some other national or municipal building. In France the Gobelins factory, producing

hangings and carpets technically perfect but sadly diminished in the splendour of their design, has been constantly used for national purposes. In England, where men have wrangled about design and industry for a century, the perfect fusion of these has been left to the initiative of practising artists, and their products to private patronage.

'Things Used Daily Should Be Well Made'

Morris was irritated by the uselessness and triviality of

most of the things which cluttered up the drawing rooms of wealthy people. He was no puritan; his fabrics should be as joyous as the sparkling chintzes in vogue, only better designed and with a seemlier interpretation of the forms of flowers, birds and beasts. Above all, things used daily should be shapely and well made; and as Morris dreamed of an ample and dignified life for all, man's needs should be beyond bare necessities. Homes decorated with his wallpapers and chintzes, his tiles, carpets and embroideries, with pre-Raphaelite paintings, and, in more modest houses, Hollyer's photographs of these, had a unity of character, an intimate radiance all their own. Water will flow readily between any banks deep enough to contain it; but never so beautifully as between the banks it has made for itself. So the arts are more comely when they follow native tradi-



La Belle Iseult—believed to be Morris' only finished easel painting. (Lent by Miss May Morris)

tions, and the Englishness of a Morris interior expressed the hopeful and kindly idealism of the so-called 'aesthetic period'.

Morris was alone in Europe in making this unity possible. In France and elsewhere there was no fresh movement to replace the traditional furnishing of château or apartment. Except in houses where Louis XV, Louis XVI or Empire modes survived, contemporary taste was deplorable. I remember the interest shown by my French artist friends in the few Morris fabrics I took over to adorn my Paris studio. It was not until the Arts and Crafts initiative, inspired by Morris, crossed the Channel and the North Sea that a more cheerful air came into the heavily curtained and upholstered continental interiors, and finally an 'art nouveau', bastard child of the English movement, spread through Europe. In England Morris'

*An example of his own weaving, an acanthus and vine design, is shown in the exhibition

which he founded, that a halt was called to a mistaken energy, so much more dangerous than previous neglect.

'The True Father of the Modern Movement'

Morris has been accused of inconsistency in that, an active Socialist, he yet produced books, tapestries, tiles and the like which only the wealthy could acquire. He must put as much beauty into the world as he could while he lived: what else was life for? He would, no doubt, have preferred to provide objects which a working man might have in his cottage, but that was for the future when Socialism had become a fact. Meanwhile he would show what could be done in the kind of world which he anticipated. To this end Morris, like Ruskin, insisted on the provision of work in which pride and pleasure could be taken. He also stressed formal fitness for purpose, so often referred to today. Indeed it was he who first taught that each material used calls for special design and workmanship—taught this, in fact, by his own example.

If then, today, examples of his many activities are collected together for public exhibition, it is because Morris was the

true father of what we call the modern movement. Fashion keeps step with time. It would be a sign of diminishing vitality if fashion lagged, and Morris still supplied the materials and designs for this generation. But our younger men,

eager to press forward, may yet learn from his example how much can be accomplished by a single man pursuing a high purpose, who saw his end clearly, laboured incessantly and refused to compromise with his artistic conscience. I recall his estimate of the pre-Raphaelite painters, as given by J. W. Mackail in his *Life of William Morris*, which might well be applied to his own life's work: 'He commended their example to all artists, not primarily for any technical quality, but for the virtues of patience, diligence and courage. These were the qualities that went to make great men; and great men might be trusted to do great work'.

Mr. Montague Weekley's short biography of *William Morris* (Duckworth, 2s.), which appears just in time for the centenary exhibition, is a straightforward narrative, subordinating criticism to fact. Particularly interesting are the sections describing Morris at Oxford (where he first acquired the name of 'Topsy'), his meeting with Burne-Jones and the founding of the Brotherhood; the establishment of Morris and Company and the Merton Abbey Works; and the early days of the Socialist League. Mr. Weekley has collected some good stories—notably, Burne-Jones' comment on those disastrous mural paintings, in which Morris had a considerable share, which faded from the walls of the Oxford Union six months after they had been painted on: 'O Tempera! O Morris!'



Woollen fabric—'The Bird Hanging'—designed by Morris and used in the drawing-room of his house on Hammersmith Mall
Victoria and Albert Museum



Fruit wallpaper designed by Morris

Original design lent by Morris & Co.

The Far East—VI

The Meaning of Manchukuo

By PETER FLEMING

MANCHUKUO means the country of the Manchus, *kuo* being the Chinese word for country. It was the Japanese who invented the new name. In the autumn of 1931, as you know, the Japanese, acting under a good deal of provocation, invaded Manchuria. They wanted to make it quite clear that they were not annexing the place, and this was difficult, because from a distance that is just what it looked as if they were doing. So in the spring of 1933 they turned Manchuria into an independent state and gave it a new name, with a nice indigenous flavour. That was how Manchuria became Manchukuo.

The head of this new state is the young gentleman whom your newspaper refers to, rather disrespectfully, as Mr. Pu Yi. He is the heir to the Manchu dynasty, and if China had not turned herself into a republic he would be Emperor of China today. As it is, he is going to be Emperor of Manchukuo tomorrow, or at least in about a fortnight's time. Now if you or I were going to be made emperor, we should probably get pretty excited; we should look forward to throwing our weight about a good deal. But with Mr. Pu Yi it's different. He will not be able to throw his weight about very much. He is a charming and intelligent young man, much more alert and virile than you would suppose from his photographs. When he was a boy he had an Englishman, Sir Reginald Johnson, for his tutor, and he told me that one of his most treasured possessions was a photograph of King George V.

But as Emperor he will wield only the minimum of power. He is not much more than a figurehead. It is the Japanese who control Manchuria. They run everything from the foreign policy to the railways; they supply almost all the army, and all the effective members of the government. You might think that it is rather hard luck on Mr. Pu Yi and his ministers of state, having nothing to do except sit in their offices all day and sign on the dotted line when they are told to. You might think that Japan is rather overdoing the part of the fairy godmother. But I am not so sure about this.

After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and in this case the people who have got to do most of the eating are the thirty million inhabitants of Manchukuo. They are practically all Chinese. Not counting five divisions of Japanese regulars, there are only three hundred thousand Japanese residents among those thirty million inhabitants. That is not a very large proportion. There has never been any question of

Japan colonising Manchuria, if only because her people cannot stand the climate in the winter and her working classes cannot compete with the low standard of living of the Chinese working classes. As you can see, they run the place with a skeleton staff.

Do they run it well? And do they run it in such a way that the thirty million inhabitants (to whom after all the place belongs) will benefit from Japanese control? I think on the whole they do. The Japanese are a very progressive and effi-

*The Times*

cient people; the Chinese, though I have the very greatest respect and liking for them, and though I think that as individuals they can be greater than the Japanese, are not very good at governing themselves. The Japanese are out to develop Manchuria; they will develop it better than the Chinese ever could have, and in the process of development the thirty million inhabitants are bound to benefit. They will not, of course, benefit as much as the Japanese; but the Japanese, after all, are doing most of the work, and may reasonably claim a lion's share of the profits. Last summer I was taken to task by a Japanese official—Japanese officials are very sensitive—for sending back a despatch to the *Times* in which I said that Japanese policy in Manchuria might be summed up as a policy of enlightened exploitation. We argued for a long time, and in the end he withdrew his objections and admitted that enlightened exploitation was a fair way of describing it.

There is one tremendously important thing which the Japanese have done since they took over control of Manchuria, and that is the stabilisation of the currency. In the old days the war lords flooded the country with entirely worthless paper money, and very few dollar notes were worth anything like a dollar. The war lords really understood the meaning of the word inflation. A missionary in a small town in the interior once told me that the last war lord they had there had even commandeered the exercise books from the mission school, because he had used up all the other paper in the town that was fit to print banknotes on. But the Japanese have changed all that. Today there is only one kind of currency, and every dollar is worth a dollar. You can imagine what a blessing that is to the people.

The other big problem they have got to solve is the



Propaganda unit attracting Manchurian villagers with gramophone



On the bandit trail: questioning local defence corps

pacification of the country. There have always been bandits in Manchuria, and when the Japanese came in a lot of the troops who were supposed to be opposing them lost their leader or their pay-chest—the leader and the pay-chest had a habit of disappearing together—so they turned bandit too. The situation got so bad that about a year ago there were no night trains running on any of the railways; and you probably remember about Mrs. Pawley, who was kidnapped about that time, and Mrs. Woodruff, who was shot in Harbin.

In 1932, just before they captured Jehol, the Japanese staged an elaborate anti-bandit drive and managed to break up all the big concentrations. But breaking them up only made things more difficult. Last year they found themselves faced with a lot of small gangs, each with an intimate knowledge of the territory in which they worked, and each as elusive as the Scarlet Pimpernel. You see, Manchurian bandits do not dress for the part at all. Except for a few of the more flashy ones, who wear old grey uniforms, they mostly dress exactly as the peasants do, and when a punitive column comes along they bury their Mausers in the back garden, pick up a hoe, and pass themselves off as poor but honest farmers.

I accompanied one of these punitive columns last July, and it gave me a very good idea of the difficulties they were up against. We marched—at least the private soldiers marched, and the officers rode—for about a week through the worst part of the bandit country, east of Mukden. It was very hot weather; the only casualties we had were from the heat. From a military point of view, the country was awful—very mountainous, very densely wooded, and no roads worthy of the name.

All the same, we had everything in our favour. Even the fans which were made to commemorate the expedition, and which played a great part in the tearful farewells on Mukden station, had been made secretly, by a Japanese firm. Nobody was supposed to know where we were going. We had machine

guns, and wireless, and cages of carrier pigeons in case the wireless would not work, and an extraordinarily good transport unit of two-wheeled wagons with Chinese drivers. But I am sorry to say that we did absolutely no sort of good at all.

On the second day out we picked up the tracks of the gang we were after. One of the villages where we halted had been raided the night before. The bandits had taken sixteen captives with them into the hills. They were asking for their ransom half the season's crop of opium and a lot of miscellaneous provisions. (A great many bandits, I am sorry to say, are opium addicts.) We knew, through our spies, exactly where the bandits had gone. Their headquarters were in a valley about fifteen miles away. The column split up into three detachments, and everybody marched as hard as they could for the rest of that day and most of the night. The smallest detachment was to deliver a frontal attack on the valley; the other two were to wait on the other side of the passes and catch the bandits as they ran away. I went with the smallest detachment.

All this sounds as if it was going to be very exciting; but it wasn't. Just as dawn was breaking we debouched into the



Awaiting execution: a captured bandit, 19 years old, who had commanded forty men



Japanese punitive column

Photographs by the Author

valley. The bandits' huts were on the further side. As we came in sight of them, great clouds of smoke began to roll up. The bandits were firing their huts and running away. Everyone who had a pony went charging down the valley to try and stop them from running away; but it was no good. They had the heels of us. One of the other detachments who had been waiting to ambush them got a long shot and claimed to have done some damage; but no casualties were confirmed. We captured one of the spies who warned them of our approach, and somebody got hold of a lot of those paper charms which the bandits burn and then eat the ashes to make themselves invulnerable. I don't know whether the charms really do make them invulnerable; as far as I can see their magic powers are never very severely tested. What it boils down to is that in most parts of Manchuria the bandits have only got to walk up the nearest hill and stand behind the nearest tree to escape a just retri-

bution. When the troops come through the wretched people have a brief respite from being terrorised; when the troops have gone the reign of terror is resumed. And it is very important that the reign of terror should not be resumed. It is all very well saying that banditry will disappear as economic conditions improve—economic conditions cannot improve until banditry has disappeared. The Japanese are doing all they can. It is a thankless task—like swatting flies, as one staff officer said to me, with the pardonable irritation of a man who preferred big game. The situation is getting better, but it is still not too good.

We always imagine that China is in a chronic state of chaos and upheaval; but one of the first things you notice when you go south from Manchuria into China proper is that the railway stations are no longer invariably surrounded by sandbags and barbed wire.

So far, Japan is the only country which has recognised Manchukuo. But Japan is a very powerful ally; and unless she overrates her own power and challenges Russia, Manchukuo, her *protégé*, is going to be a very important place: and not only to stamp-collectors.

The National Character—XVII

A Visitor Looks at his Hosts

By Dr. MORITZ BONN

Dr. Bonn, formerly Professor of Economics at the Handels-Hochschule, Berlin, gives the first of three views from abroad on the British national character. He will be followed by Professor Felix Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School, and Dr. Karel Capek, the Czechoslovakian author

A FOREIGNER who enjoys a people's hospitality is making a fool of himself when loudly voicing his views of his hosts' national character. It surely is bad form to criticise those who have been showering kindness upon him; and it is worse than bad form, if that were possible, to praise when praise is but flattery. To have been asked by one's hosts to commit either, or both of these atrocities, is but a poor excuse. I would not do it in any other land. But in England it really does not very much matter. As long as I do not bore you, whatever I may say will not make the slightest impression upon you. You will take praise or blame from a foreigner with equal indifference. If he indulges in the former, you may ask yourselves what he is after, and if his criticisms hit you, you may think him fairly clever. But in any case

your judgment will be, 'Odd bird, why does he take all the trouble?'

This complete indifference to foreign opinion is one of the salient features of English National Character. It is not due to some sort of half-conscious inferiority complex, which compels the sufferer to a loud assertion of his nation's superiority, but to an almost modest conviction that there is not the slightest need for assertions or for comparisons. As long as no challenge is raised, English indifference will cheerfully go on. But that need not always be the case. The old rhyme:

A Spanish Don, a German Count, a French Marquis,
A Yeoman of Kent is worth all three—

—can scarcely be looked upon as an expression of gentle modesty.



'Time-made England' of mellow self-satisfied time-hallowed tradition—

Photograph: W'll F. Taylor



—and the restless grimy utilitarian 'man-made England'

The Times

Insular isolation is but in part responsible for this attitude. The Irish have an island of their own. They are, however, far more continental than the English, and by no means insensitive to outside praise or blame. But since the days of the Armada England's vital spots were never in serious danger from foreign activities. Why worry about attitudes which do not matter very much? Her people sense the distinction between themselves and the continental nations. They are normal and stable; it is the others who are fluctuating. When, after the desertion of the gold standard, the pound bought but 8 Dutch florins instead of 12, a travelling Englishman, confronted with this unfavourable exchange, indignantly exclaimed, 'Why, what is the matter with the Dutchman's money?'

This enviable immobility of the English character is no longer as rigid as it was in the Victorian age. When I returned to England after the Boer war, I found a 'changed' country.

Time and Man-Made England

The character of a great nation can never and nowhere be expressed by a narrow formula. There may be a red thread running through all national activities; but it is part of a great many mixed strands, from which a multi-coloured web is woven. All nations are composed of often sharply contrasting elements. Leaving aside not only Scottish, Irish and Welsh variations, but regional differences as well, there have been at least two different Englands. The almost sleepy England of manor house, village, cathedral town, and secluded university college (last harbour of the classical humanistic ideal), differs widely from that restless grimy land filled with manufacturing towns, tin-roofed chapels and keen-minded municipal universities. Both are parts of England, but each makes a different picture, which is but the expression of a different spiritual attitude. The one represents mellow self-sufficient time-hallowed tradition; it is a 'time-made England'. The other represents ceaseless purposeful striving, the subjection of nature and things in general to will power directed by reason: it is a utilitarian 'man-made England'. Sometimes it has

devastated England's quaint old cities; it is encroaching upon the countryside, destroying its beauties by ribbons of ugly houses. But ultimately somehow it does not get the better of it. Tradition attacks it with its soft subtle influence, until it accepts slowly but surely its time-honoured measure. All over the world the forces of a rational civilisation are gaining over the forces of tradition. England is different; she is slowly progressive, but never revolutionary. Her people substitute commonsense for logic, steadfastness and tenacity for impetus.

When I first came to this country, mere intellect was rated cheaply. An ounce of fact was supposed to be worth a pound of theory. Since the world is being snowed under by facts, most of them rather unpleasant, the value of theory has risen considerably. The rule of thumb has given place to disquisitions on planning. The English rarely appeal to reason when ordering their lives; they were content to rely on their sure instincts, which had directed them since their forefathers began to expand a few small island kingdoms into a world-wide empire. They rarely argued about their achievements, and scarcely ever analysed their motives and aims. Thus they had to wait for the genius of Montesquieu, a foreigner, before they realised the architectural beauties of their constitution. There has been a subtle change here too. In the drab Victorian days Empire was a thing which interested nobody but those concerned in building it up; even those who profited by it rather ignored it. Rudyard Kipling turned it into poetry which enthused the generation I know best. But their sons and daughters seem to be rather fed up with it; they have discovered other more important urges; they write essays on art and sometimes exquisite poems; but they are too much occupied with their private spiritual adventures to be willing to venture across the Seven Seas and to shoulder, besides their own particular worries, the white man's burdens (which are far more heavy, by the way, than they were forty years ago). Their forbears did not mind being called 'stupid', for being stupid, or at least looking stupid, impressed confidence on the public mind, which detested cleverness as tricky,

flashy and foreign. Stupidity is no longer the fashion, but to be credited (often wrongly) with a simple mind is still an asset.

Hoary Tradition and Purposeful Reasoning

Notwithstanding many changes, the successful blending of hoary tradition and purposeful reasoning is still going on. When we ask for the explanation of some peculiar English institution or of the surprising pronunciation of an English surname, the spelling of which has nothing in common with its phonetics, we never get a satisfactory answer. Of course it is our own fault; we should not ask, 'Why?' We should ask, 'Since when?' or 'How long ago?'—questions showing the proper deference to the past, which rightly governs the present, and the future as well, in a country which does not remember any violent upheaval. For even the industrial revolution, which has changed England completely, has not destroyed *old* England. At a short distance from any of the great industrial centres, you can sit and dream in an almost primeval wood. This union of a time-honoured living past with intensely practical present-day developments seems to me to be a unique achievement of English character. Sometimes I am a little baffled at the curious blend of the actual combination. Just now England is full of talks about planning; the nation's economic life is to be completely remoulded. But nobody seems to think it worth while to make a beginning by rationalising weights, measures and moneys by introducing the metrical system.

This existence of two Englands side by side has often misled foreign observers. There was an England which conquered empires, and there was another England, which preached free trade, peace and goodwill to all nations. This glaring inconsistency has given its peculiar rhythm to English history, where sinners and saints seem to play a fascinating game of hide-and-seek all the time. To the unwary onlooker this queer mix-up is a clear proof of perfidious Albion's double-tongued hypocrisy.

The English have never made it easy for us to understand them. They are taught not to tell lies, and they live up to their teaching; but they are so reticent that they do not tell the truth if one does not make a special point to ask for it. The foreigner, who has been more than willing to admire their contempt for lies, is taken aback by their calm way of misleading him by thinking 'Mum's the word'.

The Foreigner—'Distinguished' or 'Damned'

The foreigner in England can have a very good time. His rise may be most rapid if he happens to be a fake. For no people are more easily taken in by foreign frauds, if these are but pleasant and adaptable. The English, being fond of pleasure, are quite willing to add anybody to their menagerie who may give promise of additional amusement. It is not very difficult to become a 'distinguished foreigner'; but one can easily fall from this pinnacle and become a 'damned foreigner'. And one can scarcely advance. A foreigner can only be happy by remaining a foreigner, a conforming foreigner, of course. He must not try to become an Englishman. True enough, it takes much less time to turn a foreigner into an Englishman than it does to make an English lawn, which must be rolled for a few centuries; but it cannot be done in one generation. Lots of people have tried it, for England has been very hospitable to foreigners. They have succeeded in many cases as far as outer appearances go, and are easily taken for true-born Britons in continental hotels. But it takes an English wet-nurse or an English public school to turn the trick completely; even a British wife cannot do it. However close the ties may be, there hovers a faint trace of suspicion about the foreigner. He may be liked and loved, even because he is slightly different, but there may come a time when he will not be forgiven this difference, however slight it is.

From a continental point of view the English seem reserved, though by no means all. There is little reserve about 'Arty' and 'Arriet' spooning unconcernedly in the park. The English upper class and the English lower class have always been quite natural. If the former have been taught the importance of self-control, there have been good reasons for it. Englishmen's lethargy and easy-going good nature are not due to an absence of strong passions, they merely show that they are not over sensitive, and not quickly roused. For when they do lose their heads or their tempers, they do it on a magnificent scale. They can stand temperatures in their tubs which make the continental shiver, or feel like a boiled lobster. It is the same with

their passions. They slowly boil over: when they do, they scald themselves and those close to them.

A Curious Habit of Self-Abasement

It is a time-honoured trick of His Majesty's Opposition to proclaim from all housetops that England is going to the dogs. It does not greatly frighten the English voters, who remember that the country has been going to the dogs all the time. But occasionally the doleful dirge is taken to heart by foreigners, as in 1931, when French and Americans bankers withdrew their balances, and smashed the gold standard. The results are rarely as blatant as in this case, but the curious habit of self-abasement the English indulge in has often blinded the foreigner's judgment. Business men on the Continent and in the United States said over and over again that England was losing ground everywhere, as she was becoming lazy, and indulged in ever lengthening week-ends. The English do, indeed, love ease, leisure and play. Work for them is a means for achieving these ends; it is not an end in itself. They can work extremely hard; they cram probably more energy into an hour's work than the toilers of any other nation, but they try equally hard to do as few hours as possible. These critics gather their impressions from visits to their London city friends, who do not keep very long office hours, because they have learnt the art of delegating work, and of not wasting time by suspecting their delegates. Provincial working hours are different. Not so very long ago, a leading Lancashire business man came to his office regularly at five o'clock in the morning. One day he caught his son red-handed, entering the shop clandestinely, after a spree, at the late hour of eight a.m., and asked him indignantly where he had spent the forenoon.

Loafing Energetically

Whether the English make the best use of their spare time depends on personal taste. Being temperamentally lazy myself, I rather approve of English laziness; in fact, the only thing which does worry me is the terrible energy and the iron-cast methods which so many Englishmen apply to the gentle art of loafing. But I quite realise that in a country where the sun is made of silver and not of gold—where its rays are at their best pale amber and never golden-flamed, indulging in day dreams without taking violent exercise might end in a severe cold.

There is one pastime in which the English excel all others: gardening. Gardening is with them a profession of faith. In many walks of life their sense of beauty may be less sure and less widely spread than that of their continental neighbours. Their paintings may be pale, decorative and not creative; even now the art of window-dressing relies more on bulk than on composition. But gardening is the expression of their natural feeling for beauty and for life. The great pro-consul in dignified retirement whose word ruled millions, and the small clerk in his scanty hours of leisure are vying with each other in making life unfold and expand to new forms and new tints. Making things grow is England's natural passion, very different indeed from the mechanical aspirations of her American offspring. Her climate is not always pleasant to man, but it is kind to things living in field and forest. She may not know the sunburnt south bursting out into triumphant flowering; but neither does she know the deathlike rigid stillness of frozen decay, which often numbs the continent. Flowers and grass grow all the year round, they are never suffocated by snow and ice. And so do institutions and men.

There is a feeling of security, a deep faith in living growth embedded in the English soul, the firm conviction that, however things may change, the foundations on which they have been built will never be submerged. There may be sinister whispering today of mighty impending changes, but if they come, they will unfold in the orderly rhythm of life, which pulsates in the veins of the English. They strike the observer sometimes as young and even as childish, and sometimes they seem very old. They are like the old men and women he occasionally meets amongst them: spare erect figures, striding along with youthful movements. Their hair may be quite white, but their complexions are smooth and fair like those of a child. And their eyes, though sometimes tired, are very young.

It seems to me that this exquisite feeling for life, for growth, for ever-renewing birth, is the secret which makes England such a pleasant land to live in.

*Economics in a Changing World**America Returns to Gold*

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

WHEN Congress passed the Gold Reserve Bill Roosevelt obtained legal control over the financial structure of the U.S.A. In one of these talks it was suggested that a time would come when even the President's opponents would have to admit that it would be more dangerous to go back than to go on. Mr. Ogden Mills, the Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Hoover's Cabinet, has admitted that this point has been reached. He exclaimed that constitutional government has been suspended and that 'a nation of free men' was in danger of becoming 'an aggregation of regimental subjects', and that 'a power unmatched since the days of the autocrats many centuries ago—an immense power over the lives of millions of men—lies in the hands of a single fallible human being'. Yet in a later part of his speech he admitted that the die was cast and that the American people were committed to a race between business recovery and exhaustion of the national credit. That, I believe, is a very accurate diagnosis of the American situation. It will be one of the most exciting struggles of modern times—how long it will last before we can say which will win, I do not know.

Meanwhile Roosevelt has made use of his immense powers in the monetary field. With one bold leap forward he has put America back on to a gold standard. Please note I said *a* gold standard, not *the* gold standard. The U.S.A. has not returned to the gold standard of pre-War days, or even to the gold standard which enjoyed a brief and doubting acceptance during the period 1926-1931—those years when the Bank of England struggled so hard to preserve the newly-built foundations of international exchange stability.

No! the gold calf which has been set up in the America of the New Deal is not the gold standard of the text-books, but after all a good many 'standards' have altered their appearance since 1919 and this remark does not only apply to economics. But that reflection if pursued would lead us too far afield. The new gold standard to which the U.S.A. has returned is a bullion standard. It is a bullion standard because, like our gold standard of 1926, it does not include the handling of gold coinage in everyday use. But—and here we come to the novelty whose practical consequences must have been making foreign exchange dealers very short-tempered in the home—it is what I shall call a 'flexible bullion standard'. That is to say, although in future the dollar will be exchangeable for gold in the world market and therefore have a gold value, the quantity of gold for which it will exchange may vary between certain specified limits. Now prepare for an effort of imagination. I want you to imagine a dollar, or a pound for that matter, or any monetary unit which has not got a metallic basis, as being a free balloon, floating about quite freely in the international market. We can even carry our analogy a step further and say that the more you blow up or inflate such a currency or balloon the higher it will go until, as was once the case of Germany, the inflated mark disappeared into the monetary stratosphere and vanished from the ken of mortal men.

Now further imagine the earth above which these balloons are floating as being a gold basis; then if a currency is on the old-style gold standard, its balloon was fixed to the earth by a definite length of cable. In 1929, for instance, we know that £1 and \$4.86 and Fr. 124.2 were all and each exchangeable for the same amount of gold, and therefore—ignoring technical considerations concerned with the cost of transporting gold from one centre to another—these quantities of currencies, *i.e.*, £1 and \$4.86 and Fr. 124.2, were interchangeable with each other. In other words the cables of these three monetary balloons were so adjusted in length that the balloons floated level. In the new American standard the length of the cable which holds the American dollar-balloon to gold is—within certain fixed limits—to be varied as the American Treasury sees fit. At the moment Roosevelt has proclaimed that the length of the cable is to be expressed by the formula that 35 dollars are to purchase one ounce of gold or that gold will be sold at a shade over 35 dollars an ounce. This gives the dollar a gold value of just under 60 per cent. of its old-time gold value. He has authority from Congress to declare that the dollar shall be worth 50 per cent. of its old-time gold value.

Now before we consider the immediate consequences of this return by America to a gold standard in which the dollar is linked to gold but with an elastic link, let us think of the wider issues involved, for I believe them to be the more significant. The big thing to get hold of, I suggest, is that the American dollar is no longer a free balloon. It is a semi-stabilised currency. Now this seems to be a very significant step forward from the position we were in after the World Economic Conference when the dollar withdrew completely from the temple of the golden calf. There is, I think, agreement amongst responsible persons that the sooner we can obtain some measure of exchange stability between the principal countries the better for all concerned, and so the fact that the dollar is now semi-stabilised must be accounted 'a good thing', but it would be idle to pretend that the situation does not include possibilities of some 'bad things'.

The immediate result of the American action was to cause a rush of gold to the States, since the price of the metal in that country was higher than anywhere else in the world. The consequent result should have been to reduce the value of dollars in terms of francs and of pounds in so far as the pound remained in step with the franc, but in fact this has not taken place to the expected extent. This failure of the dollar to depreciate to the theoretically correct amount in terms of francs is probably due to the following causes: (a) a large amount of capital which had left the States has begun to flow back there, and (b) investors and speculators are sending funds to America in order to employ them there during the coming boom—if boom there is to be. And this brings me to the ostensible purpose of President Roosevelt's monetary action. Do not forget that he has got to bring about recovery and that recovery involves a rise in the price level in the States, for it will be through such a rise that the debt situation will be eased and the suffering farmer obtain relief. The burning question is whether there is any reason to suppose that by depressing the international value of the dollar Roosevelt will succeed in raising prices in America.

Orthodox economic opinion does not agree that in the circumstances of today the creation by America of an artificial price for gold will raise prices in the U.S.A. or in non-gold countries. Orthodox opinion considers that it is quite likely that the effect will be to force down prices in the gold countries.

The American policy of huge public works expenditure is quite another matter, and if the local difficulties of putting these great expenditures into operation can be overcome it seems to me that the price level in America will rise. In such case the dollar will properly depreciate in terms of gold currencies, because a dollar will buy fewer goods in America than it did when prices were low. Also if in the meanwhile the purchasing power of the pound has remained constant, it is clear that holders of this currency will demand more dollars for each £1 than they do at present. But if for one reason or another the price level in America does not rise, then it would appear that the position of France will gradually become very difficult, and also it may be that our exports will suffer due to the fact that American goods will seem very cheap in the world market. In certain eventualities this might lead to a war in currency depreciation, but that event would be so calamitous and so fatal to world recovery that one can hardly believe that it could be permitted to start.

There is very much more that ought to be said about this currency situation, but perhaps I have already strained your forbearance to the limit. Let me therefore summarise as follows: From a long term point of view I suggest that Roosevelt's action is a step forward towards world co-operation in monetary matters; from a short term point of view I think it brings to a head certain complex issues which have got to be faced and disposed of before we can reach any international agreement. An economist with whom I discussed this question said he hoped and believed we had already been through the worst stage: I hope he is right.

In the Editorial note last week on the juvenile instruction centres for the unemployed, the number of centres was erroneously given as 14,000; it should in fact have been 140.



The Listener

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The Foundling Site

A MEETING at the Mansion House last week, addressed by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Baldwin, Lord Crewe, Lord Dawson, and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, launched the final appeal for the Foundling Site. The situation is simple. In the summer of 1931 Lord Rothermere decided to secure a quarter of the site. Later he bought another strip of one-eighth. Meanwhile, the Appeal Council* were given the chance by the owners of the estate of taking over a further quarter, and were able to fulfil their bargain by the summer of 1932. Now seemed the time when, with five-eighths secured, the local Borough Councils might have been expected to come in; but owing to the general economy campaign, expenditure on unemployment relief, etc., help from this quarter was not forthcoming. Last April the whole Foundling Estate property (which comprises far more of Bloomsbury than the site alone) changed hands. The new owner, Sir Harry Mallaby-Deeley, paid £186,000 for the area in question; but he has all along been anxious to preserve the site for children, and has given the Appeal Council a free option on it extending till July 31 next, having refused a higher offer from another purchaser. An anonymous donor has promised £36,000 if the balance can be raised; so the present appeal is for £150,000 in six months. What a help would be given if the L.C.C., as Lord Crewe suggested at the Mansion House meeting, were to offer pound for pound can well be imagined; but till the election next month is over and the new Council is appointed, it is impossible to say what the chances of this are.

Why should there be all this fuss to save the Foundling Site—or rather, to save the outstanding three-eighths? Two main answers can be given; each is complementary to the other, each appears conclusive, and together both seem incontrovertible. First: from the point of view of town-planning, it seems essential to preserve this kind of open space in this part of London—and there is no doubt that if it is not secured for the purposes for which the appeal is made, it will eventually go for building. The ideal standard for urban development, as has been laid down by the Greater London Regional Planning Committee, is seven acres of playing fields for every thousand of the population, plus one-tenth of the area for other open spaces. Most of London, especially Central London,

falls far below this standard as it is; and it would be a thousand pities if, in a district already ill-supplied with public open spaces, one already in existence were to be severely encroached on—and that one the only existing playground open to ten thousand children living within half-a-mile. The second argument rests on actual achievement: on what uses have been made of the site in the last few years, and on how they must be curtailed if three-eighths are to go. Here figures are far the best argument. On one day last summer a count was made of the number of children and older boys and girls connected with a wide variety of organisations who used the site, with the following results: 8 L.C.C. open air classes (240); 9 sets of school games (180); 5 swimming classes (175); 30 from a trade school for netball; 85 from girls' clubs; 110 from boys' clubs; 85 Scouts and Guides; 75 at the nursery school; 40 at the day nursery; 650 at the play centre; and 200 odd children coming in to play—giving a total of 1,870. The average at the play centre alone was 650 in term-time, but in the summer holidays it rose to 2,052 a day, and in the hot weather the joys of the new paddling-pool often brought the numbers up to 4,000. The buildings of the nursery school and day nursery, two of the most important activities carried on there, are actually on the desired three-eighths, and so is the swimming-bath (the owners of the Estate have all along allowed free use of the north end of the site); if this is not acquired the Committee will have to build afresh on their own quarter, thereby making serious encroachments on the playground. The great majority of the two- to five-year-old children attending the school and nursery come from one-room homes in the district lying between the Euston Road, Southampton Row and Holborn. They are left at the Foundling Site—often by older brothers and sisters on their way to school—at 8.30; have three meals there and a long rest in the middle of the day; spend their time, at the school, in both organised and free play and very simple lessons; at the nursery, they are in the charge of trained nurses; and they live almost entirely in the fresh air till 5, when they go home. The value of the school and nursery is proved by the constant stream of applications. It is also evident in the extremely good health of the children. Last year there was only one case of infectious disease between March and September in the nursery school, and no case at all at the day nursery. No-one who has examined the progress of these two activities can be in any doubt that there is a definite need for them, that the site is being made extremely good use of, and that security of tenure would make further work on the same lines much easier.

The question which Londoners must decide between now and July is in essence this: is it more profitable for London to have another high block of flats or offices in Bloomsbury (there are many not far off which are by no means fully let), or to have one big open space secure for always as a playground, a school, a club, and place of health for the children who need it most? It is a simple question, but it demands an emphatic answer.

Week by Week

WE show this week on our front cover a William Morris rather different from the conventional view of him often held by those so superficially acquainted with the Morris movement that they can only laugh at its art-and-craftiness and fail to see its deeper implications. Mr. Beerbohm's pleasant picture of 'Topsy and Ned Jones settled on the settle in Red Lion Square' is very much in keeping with that presented by Miss May Morris when she broadcast a description of her father last week, on the day on which Mr. Baldwin opened his Centenary Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. She drew a charming sketch of the group of young men and women who, with Morris in their centre, originated the movement about the time of the Great

*The headquarters of the Foundling Site Appeal Council are at West Lodge, the Foundling Site, 93, Guilford Street, W.C.1.

Exhibition of 1862. 'Their story is rather like a fairy-tale; they were so happy and so young. The two families, Morris and Burne-Jones, were newly married; and all were busy decorating the house the poet was building among the apple-orchards of Kent. These early experiments in furnishing more or less decided my father's career as designer and decorator; but he didn't work alone. All the friends must help; the women made embroidered hangings, the men painted tiles, and the furniture was designed by Philip Webb, who was the architect of the house and Morris' closest friend. Rossetti and Burne-Jones, the professional artists of the circle, painted pictures on the walls and panelling; and the rooms were alive with happy workers, the garden gay with flowers, and altogether Red House was slowly being made, as Burne-Jones said, "the beautifullest place on earth". It was holiday time that first summer of the building, and friends would come down for Sunday; Swinburne, the young poet with his mop of red-gold hair, Rossetti and Madox Brown the elders of the group, Philip Webb with his dry humour, and Arthur Hughes the painter whose charming illustrations of fairy-tales were an endless pleasure to the children a few years later'. Later came Morris' more public life as a Socialist, the attempts (which Sir William Rothenstein describes in his article on another page) to reconcile the art produced by himself and his friends with the needs of simple people. But to discover what the movement was essentially trying to do it is certainly no less important to understand something of these idyllic early years which Miss Morris has described, when they tried to create for themselves an earthly paradise in their English countryside.

* * *

The Institute of Journalists has decided to ask for a statutory body for journalism 'with functions similar to those which exist for medicine, the law and other professions'. Since this proposal has been hotly debated before and certainly will be again, it might be well to state some of the issues involved. In the forefront looms the problem of the 'open door'. Would the creation of a statutory body limit the expression of opinion from men in other walks of life? Although there appears to be no immediate reason why it should, there is always the danger of professional jealousy. Certainly the Press needs the non-professional outlook as well, if only to keep it fresh and interesting. Yet if exclusiveness does not result, there is much to be said for making journalism a chartered profession. Sir Norman Angell has pointed out, in his extremely interesting pamphlet on *The Press and the Organisation of Society*, that for a Press that can truly claim to serve the public, the ideal of objective testimony is cardinal and that this requires some understanding of 'what is evidence'. But there are serious limiting dangers in purely academic qualifications. If the guild idea is to be preserved, 'apprenticeship' rather than 'certificates' would be the better method of initiation. More important than the need of qualifications, is the need of a professional code of conduct. This should make it possible to avoid some of the abuses of journalism to which Mr. St. John Ervine has recently drawn attention (uncalled-for intrusion into private affairs, etc.). In return for these safeguards of the public interest, journalists themselves should have a right to expect some sort of economic guarantee, since the increasing intrusion of amateurs is undoubtedly damaging to their livelihood. But here again we meet a difficulty. The only really practical guarantee would be 'the closed shop', enforced by collective agreement and relying on the weapon of the strike. The whole proposal is so fenced round with difficulties, that nothing in the nature of a rigid system can be expected. Thus it should be noted that Mr. Verstone, of the Institute of Journalists, has drawn attention to the word 'similar' in the proposal. The statutory body would have functions 'similar' to (not the same as) those which exist for other professions.

* * *

In the last twenty years, the powers and duties of local authorities have enormously increased. It is to them that such matters as public health, education, public assistance, housing, town and country planning, road construction and maintenance, are entrusted, so that the sum of their activities would constitute the greater part of the public welfare. It is natural therefore that public enquiry should begin to seek them out; and a first Report* on an enquiry instituted by the Minister

of Health on local authorities and their activities has now been published. While asserting that in general 'the local government service maintains a high standard', the report calls for a revision in the methods of recruiting and of training officers. At present each department in a local authority chooses and controls its own staff, and there is no comprehensive policy as to qualifications, training, promotion, or salary scales. The report therefore recommends that a Central Establishment Committee shall be in complete control of all these matters. Furthermore, if local government is to be systematically developed in the future, a permanent Central Advisory Committee, 'representative of local authorities', should be formed. This would provide a gateway into the local government service, by standardising and making widely known the method of entry. It would also be able to keep the various authorities informed of successful experiments achieved by any individual one among them. The need for a comprehensive survey of the whole field of local government has long been recognised. While welcoming the start that has been made in this report, it must not be forgotten that other important aspects remain to be investigated. There is first the question of pluralities. We have heard, for instance, of a county clerk who is also a private legal practitioner, local bank-manager, local insurance agent, clerk to the Licensing Authority, and chairman of directors of a local cinema; nor does this list exhaust the number of his activities. It should be considered therefore to what extent interests should be allowed to overlap where pluralities are sanctioned. Another point that might have been touched on affects those new housing districts close to London which till comparatively lately were little more than villages. Here may often be found officials, originally appointed as competent to carry out the administration of a small village, who are by no means necessarily fitted to control the affairs of what has now become a densely populated area. Now that a start has been made, there is every reason to expect further careful investigations into this vitally important matter of local government.

* * *

An interesting aspect of the anti-slum campaign appears in the report† of the Medical Research Council on Housing Conditions and Respiratory Disease. The report contains an account of a field enquiry carried out in Glasgow 'to ascertain something of the incidence, mortality and manner of spread of pneumonia and other respiratory diseases'. For this purpose two areas were selected, a slum area and a block in a rehousing scheme. To ardent social reformers the results of the enquiry may at first sight appear disappointing. Actually 'there was a greater morbidity in the rehousing area than in the slum area'. But even in its medical significance many circumstances qualify this finding. The slum area contained a larger foreign population, among whom there was less unemployment and habits of diet were better. The inhabitants of the slum area gave less co-operation to the authorities in their enquiry and consequently mild cases may have occurred among them without being reported. Much more important, however, from the social point of view, is the fact quite obviously established by the enquiry, that a complete reform must not only eradicate slums, but slum habits also. Thus despite the sleeping accommodation provided in the new houses, overcrowding was not much less than in the old. The reason, as stated by the occupants, was that they found the bedrooms cold and could not afford to heat them. Here is a problem for our architects. Until overcrowding has been eliminated, the rehousing scheme has not had a fair trial—for 'if the theory of the velocity of infection be accepted, overcrowding should, it is suggested, be assessed on the standard of sleeping arrangements'. As long as the problem of overcrowding, whether from lack of accommodation or merely habit, remains, poor-class areas will be breeding-grounds for epidemics. It was this fact which Sir Arnold Wilson emphasised when broadcasting the other night on his recent Tyneside tour. 'The worst features of Tyneside', he said, 'are overcrowding and tuberculosis, the result of overcrowding. The deaths from tuberculosis in some areas are 291 annually for every 10,000 of the population, two-and-a-half times as great as for England as a whole'. Where the careful field work of the Medical Research Council is particularly valuable is in the evidence it provides of habit complexes as difficult to remove as the physical obstructions of the slums.

* Report to the Minister of Health on the Recruitment, Training, and Qualifications of Local Government Officers. H. M. Stationery Office. 1s. 6d.

† Housing Conditions and Respiratory Disease. By C. M. Smith. H. M. Stationery Office. 9d.

Foreign Affairs

France's Little Revolution

By PERCY PHILIP

Broadcast from Paris on February 8

OVER here in France we have been having a somewhat dramatic time these last few days. What has been happening is that we have had a little revolution. It has cost a few lives and a good many broken heads and broken limbs, but I think it may now be considered over. Tonight everything is calm in the streets; a National Government is being formed under the former President of the Republic, Gaston Doumergue, and the objective of the manœuvring of the past weeks and the disturbance of the past two days has been all but reached. Let us try to look at this little revolution as objectively as possible. During the last two years you have been hearing with a somewhat monotonous regularity that another French Cabinet had been defeated. During these two years there have been no fewer than seven governments in France. It has all been very confusing. If you in England had a new government every three months or less, I believe that you, too, would soon get tired of your Parliament. Then, if you learnt, as the French people learnt a few weeks ago, that a good few of those who represented you in that Parliament kept bad company and were not as strictly honest in their business dealings as you must be if you want to keep out of gaol, your indignation would, I think, boil over very quickly, just as theirs has done. Remember, too, that the Stavisky affair was not the first of its kind; there have been a number of others in which men of all parties have been involved or suspected.

During these past weeks, too, public indignation has been fanned daily by the Press; for in France there are a good many people just now who think that the time has come to change the system of government if France is to meet on an equal footing the authoritative governments of Germany and Italy. They may be right or they may be wrong. All we can do is to leave it to the French people themselves to work out their own destiny, noting only this—that liberty is not likely to be as easily stifled here as it has been elsewhere.

Now let us look at the events of the past few days and at the riots in the streets as I saw them. When, just over a week ago, M. Daladier was asked to form a Ministry, he tried to do what everybody said should be done, and make a Cabinet which would include members of the Centre and the Right, and would not have to depend on the vote of the Socialists. M. François Pietri and Colonel Jean Fabry joined them, but it was almost at once obvious that what he had done was not enough. Fabry was banished from his political group. Tardieu and his party did not want that kind of compromise. Then on Saturday came the Chiappe affair—the affair of the Prefect of Police. When he offered M. Chiappe the post of Resident-General of Morocco—a post which in France is comparable to being Viceroy of India—M. Daladier believed the Prefect would accept. Chiappe refused. There was a moment of misunderstanding; mistakes were made; Pietri and Fabry resigned, and the fat was in the fire.

But when I think of Daladier during these few days I shall always remember the red-bearded Frenchman I met yesterday afternoon outside the Foreign Ministry at the Quai d'Orsay, just after it had become known that the Cabinet had resigned. He was walking along talking to himself—but as I passed him he raised his voice, glad to find an audience for his thoughts. 'It was time he resigned', he said, looking at the Quai d'Orsay windows; 'what a disgrace to have shed the blood of Frenchmen here in front of the Chamber!' Then that ultimate sense of justice which is one of the characteristics of the French and which sometimes, when the passions are not engaged, tends to paralyse decision, re-asserted itself—and yet, he went on, 'Daladier is not a bad man, he did not want this'. But still my red-bearded Frenchman had to have some victim; so he joined the great majority by piling the blame on 'those Socialists'.

Tuesday's riot was an organised mass demonstration of many societies and associations with widely different opinions, and different elements. Last night's was the aftermath of disturbance—no one can raise a whirlwind without doing damage.

On Tuesday afternoon I sat in the Chamber of Deputies until about 6 o'clock—and the less said about that the better. I shall only quote a French colleague who ejaculated: 'Well, if that's a Parliament, the sooner we get rid of Parliament the better'. Of course it was not a Parliament; it was a miniature of what was going on in the streets. The din was outrageous—everyone was shouting at once. The Communists sang the 'Internationale' and the Nationalists replied with the 'Marseillaise'. Two deputies started to fight, and there were private quarrels going on all over the place. Curiously enough, even so some quite sensible things were said. Daladier's programme would have been approved by everybody in a quieter moment. The Government would have had a majority, but nobody was attaching any importance to what was being done.

When I came out again, to the Concorde Bridge in front of

the Chamber, the fight had begun. Stones were flying. The police and the Republican Guard had to charge several times, and there were already casualties on both sides. The crowd was swelling every moment in the Champs Elysées and the Rue Royale, and there were thousands of people in the Tuileries Gardens. The last attempt was being made to keep the traffic going. Just opposite the obelisk in the middle of the square, where the guillotine stood during the Revolution, the crowd stopped a motor-bus and made everyone get out. In a second the petrol was set on fire, and the blaze went on for hours. After that, there was no chance of keeping order.

I went through the police lines into the crowd. By that time some of the Veterans' Association had begun to gather. No doubt they came with peaceable intentions, but it is not the slightest use going peaceably into the middle of a battle and expecting not to get hurt. And by now the battle was raging all over the big square. I went up the Rue Royale to see what was happening on the Boulevards; they were then curiously quiet in contrast, but up the Rue des Capucines there came a little body of about 40 lads carrying a small tri-colour flag, and shouting alternatively 'Vive Chiappe!' and 'Vive le drapeau!' A dozen policemen tried to stop them, but in an instant hundreds of others came running into the Boulevards from the back streets and the police were swamped. Cheering, and shouting their war-cry 'Vive Chiappe!' the band, now a thousand strong, marched to the Madeleine and swung down through the Place de la Concorde. At every step they gathered recruits by scores and hundreds. The little flag became the rallying point—the crowd went on right up to the bridge-head, and everyone was cheering. The police and the cavalry were swept back by the mass—they could do nothing. When they charged the centre, the wings closed round them. On and on the flag went to the bridge-head where the firemen were getting out their hose, but in an instant a hundred lads had dashed through the spray and turned the hose against the police themselves. The entrance to the bridge was won.

I do not want to pass judgment—some say that the crowd fired first—others, that it was the police. As an impartial eyewitness, I shall say only that if the police hadn't then fired their revolvers the crowd would have surged over the bridge, and we would have probably had a repetition of the Reichstag Fire, but with this difference—that the members of the French Parliament would have been inside. The police held the bridge with their revolvers—that was their duty. But from the moment the first shot was fired, and the first man fell dead on the floor—it was the standard-bearer with the flag—at that instant the case of the crowd was won. The Government had its majority within the Chamber, but outside, the majority was against it. Everybody was shouting 'Assassin! Assassin! A bas le gouvernement!' Once one started a fight there was nothing to be done but to fight to a finish. Tempers were rising on both sides. Municipal councillors and war veterans were getting into the mêlée. For myself, I ran as fast as my long legs could carry me.

I have said that there were all kinds of elements in that crowd. It was not all the dignified political protest it is now being cracked up to be. Some hours later a band of lads went up the Rue de la Paix, where there was no opposition, to start fighting with the street elements. That is what was happening last night, and may happen again in a much less degree for a few nights more until the excitement dies down and order is finally restored. Last night's crowd was much more destructive. It broke and set fire to everything it could reach. Along the Boulevards, between the Opera and the Madeleine, the newspaper kiosks blazed like giant torches after they were overturned because the gas by which they were lit caught fire. The police and the Garde Mobile were charging the rioters up the Champs Elysées, and on the Boulevards and the Gare St. Lazare. It was guerilla warfare, at which every person, both Royalist and Communist, is not only an expert, but an enthusiast. There were cracked crowns and broken limbs all over the town. In a quiet street between two battles, which I was trying to escape, I met a lad walking along holding his head and muttering 'Suffisant!' That represents exactly what everybody is thinking. I may add, however, that if M. Daladier had not resigned yesterday it is a general opinion that there would have been serious fighting today. The military veterans had sworn that next time they would come with war souvenirs in their hands in the shape of old rifles and bombs and revolvers. A real battle has been avoided by Daladier's resignation and President Doumergue's great sacrifice in coming from his well-earned retirement to take the leadership of a government of all parties. His task is not an easy one, but he said today: 'Politics is a matter of commonsense'. And it is just commonsense that is needed. Let us hope for all our sakes, as well as their own, that the French people, having got over their little revolution, will show, like the President, great commonsense.

The Colonial Empire—V

Establishment of British Rule in Africa

By I. L. EVANS

THE total area of the various territories which we administer in Tropical Africa amounts to well over two-and-a-half million square miles—which is about thirty times the size of Great Britain itself, though the population of forty millions or so is hardly any bigger than that of England and Wales.

the East Coast—and from there, with the aid of the monsoon, across the ocean to India. For many years to come, Europeans were to be interested in the African coast, not for its own sake, but as the guardian of the sea route to the East, as a key to the wealth of the Indies.

In time, however, Africa acquired another and more sinister

interest for Europeans. The plantations of the West Indies and the mainland of North America were short of labour, and West Africa was full of black men. Hence arose the slave trade. Beginning in the sixteenth century, this odious traffic increased by leaps and bounds, and reached its climax in the prosperous years of the eighteenth century—the century of reason. Meanwhile factories, as they were called, had been established along the West Coast of Africa primarily with a view to helping the merchants with their trade in slaves. The first of them to fly the British flag was Fort James, built on an island at the mouth of the River Gambia, in 1618. This makes of little Gambia the oldest of all our African Dependencies. Soon there followed others on the Gold Coast, where British merchants competed for trade with Dutch and Danes, who did not finally give up the contest till so late as 1872.

In his first contacts with

European civilisation, the West Coast native did not see the white man at his best. It is true that Europe did not introduce slavery into Africa: it had flourished there for centuries before our arrival. But the European slave trade made matters a thou-



Nineteenth-century penetration into the interior of Africa: Stanley arrives at the village of Manyema in the Congo basin; from one of his own drawings—

Illustrated London News (February, 1878)

If you look at a map of Tropical Africa in 1884 you will find a few British posts on the West Coast, together with a few hundred square miles of adjacent territory—and that is all. On the East Coast there is nothing: while, in the Sudan, a little Egyptian garrison at Khartoum, commanded by General Gordon, is about to be submerged by dervish hordes. And this is only fifty years ago. The European penetration of Africa came very late; but, when it did come, it came at lightning speed.

The chief reason for this earlier isolation is that Africa is, on the whole, a very inaccessible continent. Its ocean coastline is most forbidding. There are few natural harbours, and at the mouths of many of the rivers are bars, which prove a fatal hindrance to shipping. In most cases, the coast itself is cut off from the interior either by dense tropical forest or else by wide expanses of semi-arid scrub. Moreover, the tropical climate long proved fatal to Europeans, and it was not for nothing that more than one sombre spot along the Gulf of Guinea was known as the White Man's Grave.

There is therefore something heroic about the voyages of exploration down the African coast which Portuguese sailors carried out, in their tiny ships, during the fifteenth century. But they led ultimately to success and riches, for, in 1497, Vasco da Gama found his way round the Cape of Good Hope and up



—and opening up the Kitten (1898) on one of the punitive expeditions in Sierra Leone

From 'The Advance of Our West African Empire', by C. Braithwaite Wallis (T. Fisher Unwin)

sand times worse. The local tribes not only sold their prisoners as slaves, but punished trifling crimes in the same manner, and native society was shaken to its very foundations.

Before the end of the eighteenth century, however, opinion on slavery and the slave trade had begun to change. During the War of the American Revolution many slaves had fought on the British side, and some of these found their way in course of time to England. The 'Black Poor' were beginning to be a problem in some of the large towns, and a group of humanitarians, led by Granville Sharp, arranged for the transport of some hundreds of these unfortunates, accompanied by a sprinkling of undesirable females, to the West Coast of Africa. This was the origin of the settlement made, in 1787, at Sierra Leone, which became a Crown Colony twenty years later.

The propaganda of the Abolitionists was steadily gaining ground in England, and, in 1807, it was made a criminal offence for British subjects to engage in the slave trade. This meant, incidentally, that the African factories lost all their earlier importance, for trade in gold and ivory had been of relatively small account, and there were, for the moment, no other products available to take the place of slaves. But other countries were induced to follow where Denmark and England had led, and, in course of time, a series of treaties was concluded between the principal Powers, which conceded the mutual right to search ships suspected of engaging in the traffic. Great Britain, which had long taken a leading part in the slave trade, was now most active in its suppression. Right down to the eighteen-sixties, British naval vessels were busy up and down the West Coast of Africa, keeping a constant look-out for suspects. British Consuls were also appointed at various points to aid in the good work, and in 1861 Lord Palmerston annexed Lagos, which had long been a most troublesome haunt of piratical slave-dealers.

The Abolitionist movement, and all that it implied, called attention to Africa. A similar result followed from the revival of interest in geographical discovery, which came towards the end of the eighteenth century. Thanks to the work of a series of great explorers like Mungo Park, David Livingstone, Richard Burton and John Hanning Speke, the interior of Africa, of which hardly anything was known in 1795, had been mapped out in bold outline by 1875. The motives behind all this activity had been mainly scientific curiosity, missionary zeal and love of adventure. To these were soon to be added the desire for empire and the lure of gold.

In the eighteen-seventies the European situation was decidedly interesting. France, defeated by Germany in the Franco-Prussian war, was already beginning to seek compensation elsewhere, while the new Germany, united under Prussian leadership, was soon to look most anxiously for a place in the sun before it was too late. And Africa, alone amongst the continents, stood open to European enterprise. It is true that nobody knew much about its resources; but if minerals had been found in some parts, why shouldn't they be found in others? With the advance of modern industrialism in Western Europe, there came an increased demand for tropical products, and, amongst other things, for vegetable oils, which West Africa could certainly supply. In Europe, moreover, the boom which followed the War of 1870 came to an end in the financial crisis of 1873, and the next twenty years or so were a period of falling prices and keen commercial rivalry. Colonial activities in the tropics might be speculative, but, in all the circumstances, they seemed worth a certain amount of risk, since they might open up not only fresh supplies of raw materials, but also a new market for manufactured goods. With this background of ideas in Europe, the age-long isolation of Africa was doomed to disappear.

The first big move came from King Leopold of the Belgians who, in his private capacity, formed an international organisation to open up the Congo basin. H. M. Stanley—born in Wales, but an American citizen—went out to Africa as its representative in 1879 and, during the next five years, made treaties with the natives, founded trading posts, and acted virtually as Governor of a Congo State which had not yet been formed. These activities aroused the opposition of the Portuguese, who claimed the Congo mouth by right of prior exploration, and also of the French, who were busily exploring the right bank of the Middle Congo. Elsewhere, Great Britain was forced to occupy Egypt, very much against the will of Mr. Gladstone and to the great disgust of the French, in 1882; while France forestalled the ambitions of Italy by proclaiming a Protectorate over Tunis in the same year. In 1884, moreover, Germany entered actively upon the scene by proclaiming a Protectorate over South West Africa, and over

the Cameroons and Togoland. The scramble for Africa had begun.

The principal danger centre for the moment was the basin of the Congo, and it was primarily in order to deal with international rivalries there that Bismarck summoned a Conference of all the Powers directly or indirectly interested in Africa to meet at Berlin in November, 1884. Advantage was, however, taken of this meeting to lay down a series of general principles, such as the freedom of commerce, and the due notification of claims, which should apply to colonial activities in the new Africa. It was as though the Powers realised that their game of 'scramble' should be played according to certain well-defined rules.

The signing of the Final Act of the Berlin Conference early in 1885 was the signal for a renewed burst of activity on the part of all who wanted to stake out claims to Africa. On the West Coast, Great Britain proclaimed a protectorate over the Niger delta and, in 1886, a group of British trading interests, under the lead of Sir George Goldie, obtained a Charter, from the government, for the Royal Niger Company. This body was authorised to exercise jurisdiction over the various native chiefs with whom it had concluded treaties, and to levy customs dues in order to meet administrative costs. It thus performed the dual role of a government and of a large trading concern.

On the East African Coast, British influence had been used for many years in an attempt to put down the slave trade with Arabia and the Persian Gulf. In the 'seventies, Dr. John Kirk, our Consul-General at Zanzibar, induced the Sultan of that delightful island realm, who also exercised a somewhat vague rule over a great deal of the mainland, to prohibit the slave trade, by land as well as by sea. British prestige was high in this part of the world, but was soon to be challenged by Germany. To avoid complications, an international commission was set up in 1886, which defined the sultan's dominions as consisting of the islands, and a coastal strip ten miles wide, running from the frontier of Portuguese East Africa in the south, to the borders of Somaliland in the north. The independence of the Sultan was officially recognised, but, at the same time, an understanding was reached that the northern part of this coastal strip should be in the British sphere of influence, while the southern part should be in the sphere of influence of Germany. A group of British traders and philanthropists, under the leadership of Sir William Mackinnon, now obtained from the Sultan a concession of his northern coastal territories, and received a Charter from the British Government for their newly-formed Imperial British East Africa Company in 1888. Then followed a race for the possession of the interior between the British Chartered Company and German interests, who had obtained a similar concession further South. The whole question was fortunately settled by agreement and the Anglo-German Treaty of 1890, by which this country surrendered the future naval base of Heligoland to Germany, recognised not only Zanzibar itself but also Uganda, as coming within our sphere of influence. The pioneering activities of the Chartered Company had secured for Great Britain the control of the headwaters of the Nile, and, in 1893, a British Protectorate was proclaimed over Uganda.

As in the West and the East, so also in South-Central Africa private interests were busily at work extending British rule over vast regions which were at that time little known. The British South Africa Company, founded by Cecil Rhodes, received its Charter in 1889. After the rival claims of Portugal had been adjusted, the jurisdiction of the Company was extended over a fine territory of close on 150,000 square miles between the Limpopo and the Zambesi, which is today the self-governing Colony of Southern Rhodesia; and over a wide expanse to the north of the Zambesi, which is now the Protectorate of Northern Rhodesia.

Most of this great addition to the British Empire in Tropical Africa, which took place after 1885, was due to private enterprise, rather than to government action. But the problems of administration on so large a scale, and the relations they involved with foreign Powers, made government intervention inevitable, sooner or later. Valuable as was the work performed by the three Chartered Companies, a great Power cannot for ever rule its Empire by proxy. So Great Britain assumed control over the territories of the Imperial British East Africa

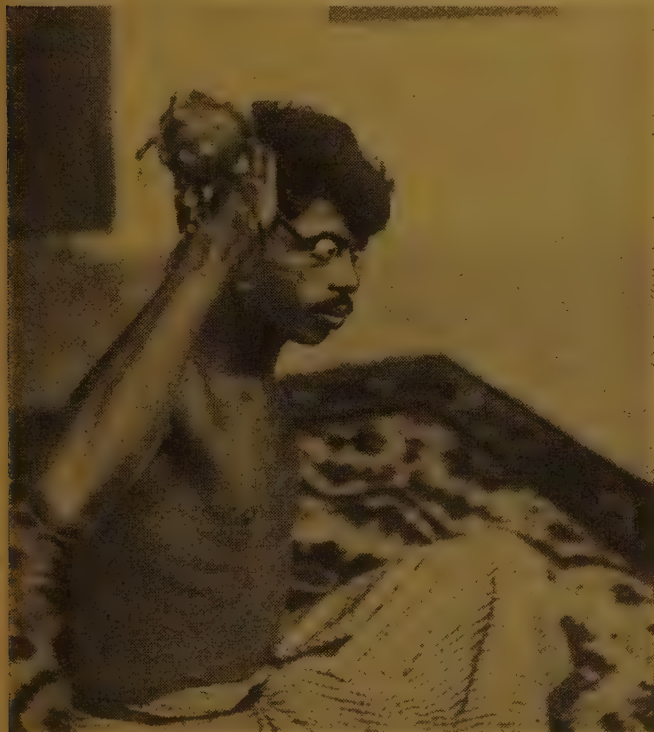
(Continued on page 294)

*Inquiry into the Unknown—V**Ritual and Medicine*

By Professor C. G. SELIGMAN

YOU will remember that I referred last week to the paralyses and anæsthesias (lack of sensation), not uncommon in our hospitals and frequent in the neuroses of the Great War. Profound anæsthesias such as occur in these illnesses can be readily produced by suggestion in certain cases, and are developed spontaneously in many of the rites and ceremonies of the more primitive peoples.

Before I describe some of these, I want you to consider the



Examples of self-torture among the Indian members of the Rifa'i sect of dervishes: dervish with eye dislocated on cheek—

case of Leading Seaman H. P., suffering from 'shell shock symptoms', as reported by Dr. J. A. Hadfield*.

This man was hypnotised, and the suggestion made that his arm was being touched with a red-hot iron and that a blister would form. Actually Dr. Hadfield touched him with his finger. He was watched for about three hours, being for part of the time under hypnosis. The arm was then securely bandaged. Six hours later, when the bandage was removed, a blister had formed on the spot that Dr. Hadfield had touched: 'There was a white patch of dead skin in the centre, underneath which was a slight amount of fluid and hyperæmia (congestion) around' . . . the blister increased in size, and by the next day there was a large quantity of fluid, giving the exact appearance of a blister produced by heat†. This result was repeated under the most rigorous control, and later the following experiment was made. During hypnosis the patient's arm was touched with the red-hot end of a steel pencil-case, and the suggestion given that there would be no pain. 'There was no pain either when the skin was touched or afterwards. But the remarkable thing was that in these burns there was no hyperæmia around. Round each of the two spots, which themselves presented the ordinary appearance of blisters, there was a thin red line and nothing more. These blisters healed very rapidly and never gave any sign of inflammation or pain‡.

These experiments, showing how suggestion can not only initiate and direct the course of tissue changes, but can also

modify the reaction to an injury, are of the utmost importance in connection with the disputed subject of fire-walking. Although the purpose of the ceremony is always religious, we can, I think, recognise two distinct forms so far as the walking is itself concerned. In one, which we may call the Indian form, a trench is dug and filled with wood, which is kept burning until a thick layer of ashes is formed, and it is over this that the devotees walk, after considerable spiritual preparation, including sexual abstinence. Sometimes a cult object is placed in one corner of the pit, but there is no ecstatic dancing before entering the trench; the feet are, however, wetted with milk§. Mr. Sayce notes that 'the progress (the ashes were said to be nine inches thick) appears to have little or no effect on the feet'. Examination within half an hour of the ceremony showed no signs of burning, and some of the young men played football next day. Some of those who had taken part had worn boots all their lives, so that their feet were as tender as those of Europeans. Of two Europeans who participated in 1929, one was slightly blistered and the other, whose attention was distracted by friends in the crowd, was rather badly burnt. My friend, Dr. E. H. Hunt, whose Indian experience has been great, has told me that there is always a considerable depth of ashes, and that he has known two white women, without any special preparation, walk the trench, stepping steadily and lifting the feet well, without being burnt.

In the rite as practised in the Pacific Islands the heat is apparently more intense, and the devotees walk over hot stones forming the base of a 'Polynesian oven'. In an account from Raratonga, about twelve feet of hot stones were



—and with iron transfixing neck between gullet and backbone

Photographs by courtesy of Dr. E. H. Hunt, F.R.C.S. Copyright reserved

traversed. After a short invocation the priest and his pupils walked 'slowly and deliberately over the two fathoms of hot stone'; then the priest handed the branch of the *ti* tree which he carried to Mr. G., who walked the stones, and then did so again followed by three Europeans, one the narrator, who writes: 'We stepped out boldly. I got across unscathed, and only one of the party was badly burned; and he, it is said, was spoken to, but, like Lot's wife, looked behind him—a thing against all rules¶. After this about two hundred natives followed: 'Many thought they were burned, but they were

*'The Influence of Hypnotic Suggestion on Inflammatory Conditions', *The Lancet* (November 3, 1917). It should be stated that the patient readily co-operated in the experiment. †Hadfield, *op. cit.* ‡Hadfield, *op. cit.* §My description is taken from an account of the rite by Mr. R. V. Sayce, *Man*, 1933, 2, referring to the Indian ceremony as performed in Natal. ¶Andrew Lang, *Magic and Religion* (1901), p. 275

not—at any rate not severely'. Of another instance, from Fiji, the witness writes that 'the stones must have been white hot'^{*}, but a later account hardly suggests this, and reference is made to the minerological constitution of the stones as an important element. These confirm the earlier accounts in agreeing that only members of a particular social group 'jumped into the oven', and gives a more complete account of the myth connected with the ceremony. According to legend the power was bestowed by an eel on the ancestor of a group in return for being allowed to go free, and it is the spirit of this eel, with its attendants, 'who are present to see the performers safely through their act'[†].

From these accounts I have formed the opinion that though preparation, such as prayer, invocations, and the example of others, may do much to steady the nerves of the walkers so that they tread at an even pace relatively unafraid, there is no dissociation, and the results, though astonishing, are little if at all due to suggestion and not to any so-called supernormal process. This is perhaps more obviously true of the Indian rite, while that of the Pacific calls for further study. It should not be forgotten that there are apparent anomalies in the effect of heat on the body, which to the uninstructed are at least as wonderful as anything that fire-walking can show. The hand can be dipped for a very short time into molten lead without injury providing that the temperature of the liquid metal is greatly above its melting point, especially if the hand be previously wiped with a damp cloth. Immunity in this instance is the result of what physicists call the 'spheroidal state'; a cushion of vapour is formed between the metal and the hand[‡].

In Ceylon fire-walking is the finale of a long course of fasting and temple worship; the men are described as being in an hysterical condition, dancing with skewers through their cheeks. Apart from the ceremonies of some North American Indians (now extinct), designed as tests of endurance so that anaesthesia was scarcely desired, the most astounding examples of what in Europe would be called self-torture are provided by Indian members of the Rifa'i sect of dervishes. In 1931 Dr. Hunt exhibited at the Royal Anthropological Institute photographs and cinema films of men thrusting long iron skewers through the neck between the gullet and the backbone, of dislocation of the eyeball outwards—it might almost be said on to the cheek—and of the hammering of a very heavy ball-headed metal spike into the top of the skull, the spike in some instances being fixed so firmly that it was difficult to withdraw. In all these cases there was preliminary ecstatic dancing at the tomb of the holy man, the founder of their sect in India, after days of fasting and spiritual preparation: even then the subject would sometimes refuse an exhibition on the ground that at that time he did not feel capable of it.

An interesting feature of these and similar feats—I have seen some of them among the 'Aisawa dervishes of Constantinople—is the absence of bleeding after short pressure on the wound, and this is often regarded as a special sign of divine favour. There are two factors which explain this. Very few people realise how little blood is shed from a puncture made by a rounded spike-like point, while dancing or any violent exercise leads to the outpouring from the adrenal gland of an increased amount of its secretion, which is so well known to constrict the arteries and thus diminish bleeding that it is used for this purpose in medicine. It should be added that persons differ greatly in their tendency to bleed§.

In the performance of these dervishes, dissociation no doubt occurs, and with this a high degree of dulling of pain, if not complete anaesthesia, so that onlookers may well believe themselves in the presence of the miraculous. Yet a member of the same Rifa'i sect provided a painful example of the powerlessness of suggestion to check the results of chemical action in the body. An Egyptian Rifa'i was bitten by a poisonous snake while pulling down an old house. He made light of the matter, saying he was under the protection of the saint,

the founder of his order, and so was quite safe; yet in a few hours he was dead||. As a final instance of self-induced anaesthesia, let me cite an example related to me by a medical colleague. An Indian *sadhu* (mendicant, holy man) smiled calmly through a most painful operation. Asked afterwards how he had achieved this, he answered: 'There was no difficulty; I fixed my thoughts on God'.

Let me close my account of dissociation by an example of a possession ceremony that I witnessed among the Veddas of Ceylon, a primitive group of hunters and food-gatherers. After a death has taken place it is necessary for peace of mind—especially of the relatives—for the medicine man or *shaman* to become possessed by the spirit of the dead, who, if all be well, will promise protection and good hunting. If the ceremony were not held, and the offering neglected, disease and misfortune would ensue. A Vedda had just died and his two brothers—his nearest relatives—had to provide rice, coconut milk and betel leaves for the ceremony. An invocation to Kande Yaka—a long-dead Vedda hero—and to the spirits of the recent dead, including that of the dead man, was sung, while the *shaman* danced round the pot containing the offering. He began to shake all over; with head bent forward, he swayed so violently that he could not stand alone, but was supported by one of the onlookers, into whose arms he fell back. After a few seconds he danced even more wildly, then, to show his favour to the living relatives (for you must remember that the *shaman* was possessed by the spirit of the dead man), he approached the brothers of the deceased and in turn sprinkled them with coconut milk from the offering, putting his arm on their shoulders and in a hoarse voice—that of the spirit—entirely unlike his normal speech, promising them luck in hunting. Then came a dramatic interlude when the *shaman*, now possessed by the great hunter, Kande Yaka, gave a pantomimic representation of tracking a sambur deer round the dancing ground and shooting it. After more ceremonial, the *shaman* fed the dead man's brothers from the offering, and they, too, became possessed, falling unconscious into the arms of their supporters. They recovered in a few minutes, cheerful and well, pleased since now they knew their brother's spirit would bestow health and good fortune.

I will conclude by giving you evidence of the power of suggestion leading even to death, among non-European peoples. This is, I think, well recognised in many parts of the world as one of the results of a curse or of evil magic, the cure being to resort to a medicine man who can counteract these agencies. But apart from any question of malice, auto-suggestion may bring about the same fatal results. The best-known instances are perhaps from New Zealand, where among the Maori the spiritual power of the chiefs, derived from the ancestral spirits, extended to anything they touched (which, so to speak, became infected) and would kill those of lower rank who rashly came in contact with it. It is recorded that a New Zealand chief of high rank left some remains of his food unfinished by the wayside. A slave ate it without asking questions, to be told immediately that the food he had eaten was that of the chief. The slave, described as remarkable for his strength and courage, no sooner heard the 'fatal news than he was seized by the most extraordinary convulsions and cramp in the stomach, which never ceased till he died, about sundown the same day'[¶]. There are many other instances. An observer who knew the Maori well wrote: 'Tapu (taboo) is an awful weapon. I have seen a strong young man die the same day he was tapued; the victims die under it as though their strength ran out as water'^{**}. The witchcraft beliefs of European peoples would furnish many equally interesting examples of the power of suggestion, and my experience suggests that, excepting only the infections and those instances where well-marked spontaneous anatomical or chemical changes occur (or are to be suspected), there are few alterations in bodily tone or rhythm that under favourable circumstances the mind cannot bring about.

^{*}Lang, p. 282. [†]Kingsley Roth, 'The Fire-Walk in Fiji', *Man*, 1933, 49. [‡]Facts about the spheroidal state will be found in any textbook of physics. I have relied on an old edition of that well-known work Canon's *Physics*. I do not introduce the almost horny hardness of the native sole into my argument, since in the most extreme examples Europeans walked the stones. It would, however, be of great importance in ceremonies at which Europeans did not perform, or failed. [§]A colleague who has done much work on blood writes: 'There are surprising differences in normal people's vessels. Thus, for example, if you thrust a cannula into my father's radial artery you can readily get 20 c.c. of blood. Mine shuts up after about 1 c.c. There may also be a mental element; I have already cited the absence of redness (inflammation) round a blister produced under hypnosis. ^{||}The so-called 'phantom pregnancy' of our own civilisation provides another example of the imposition of a chemical limit. A woman greatly desiring offspring convinces herself that she is pregnant (as in the case of Tudor Mary, married to Philip II of Spain) and exhibits abdominal symptoms mimicking pregnancy, with some enlargement of the breasts, but there is no secretion of real milk. It is now known that milk secretion is due to a chemical stimulant elaborated within the body. [¶]*Old New Zealand*, by a Pakeha Maori (1884), pp. 96, 97, seq. ^{**}E. Tregear, 'The Maoris of New Zealand', *Journ. Roy. Anthropol. Inst.*, Vol. XIX (1890), p. 100.

Whither Britain?—VI

By I. M. SIEFF

I AM a member of a large retailing organisation which has to deal with all sorts of people who make and buy things. Our daily job involves us in bringing together all sorts of different interests, and in enabling them to exchange with each other their goods and services, until they reach the consumer in the form which enables a want or a need to be best satisfied. Now everyone knows that the troubles through which we have been passing have been due to the fact that at the point where goods have to be sold a huge breakdown has occurred. On one side are found millions of consumers who cannot afford to buy what they want because they are not earning enough, and on the other side are found millions of producers who cannot sell all that they produce. Herein lies the crux of the problems not only of this country but of the whole world. Naturally, therefore, to me the question 'Whither Britain?' in the main means how is this gap to be bridged?

Now in my job I have to know what people are thinking about, because the great danger in one's business, as well as in the development of the nation's welfare, is to get into a rut and never move out of it. Politicians may go on talking the ideas of 1920 and get away with it, but you can't sell pre-War bathing dresses, or five-year-old frocks. Fashions are changeable, conditions of life are being modified, new forces are arising; we have to learn whether they are for our good or ill. Just as the business man has to study his customer and know how his habits and ideas change, so must industry as a whole study its markets and adapt its organisation and structure to meet the new demands made on it. For instance, a retailer has to study the choice of the public, and then he must be able to go back to the manufacturer and say to him: How can we together provide what these customers want at the price they want to pay for it? Then all the cards have to be put on the table. The manufacturer can't say, as the politician may, that what we want is a high tariff wall, or free trade, or state industry, or more private enterprise, or a smaller defence force, or a larger air force, or a dictator. As a citizen he may have all kinds of views and convictions about these subjects, but once you get down to the task of working out how to give people what they want at a price they can afford to pay, none of these slogans helps you much.

The Need for a Broad Outlook

What we have to admit is that during the nineteenth century, when all the world markets were expanding and there was a continuous cry for more and more British goods, the British manufacturer had no very serious organisation problems to solve. Whatever he produced he could sell at a good profit. This brought with it, however, a feeling of complacency. His technique became stereotyped. He got into a rut, out of which only the shocks of contracting markets and financial crises are propelling him. To give the right reply to the post-War conditions he has had to learn an entirely new scientific approach to industrial and marketing problems and to devise a new technique. Let me give you an example of what I mean.

If we go to a cotton manufacturer who weaves cloth, he probably still thinks as if it were a question of selling odd yards of cloth here and there over the counter or in the Eastern bazaar, and he certainly does not know what people are going to want or how much of it. In this country, as in the United States, he has only quite recently begun to get accustomed to the idea of judging ahead what people will need by the million and not by the hundred. If he is asked how much will it cost to produce, let us say, 1,000,000 yards of calico, he works it out as if he has only to make a dozen yards, and so quotes a price that sends the order to some foreign cotton manufacturer. If he realised that the large order would keep his factory going for a long time, working day and night, and if he took the importer of the cotton and the spinner of the cotton yarn, and the dyer and finisher of the cloth, into his confidence, and would put all his cards on the table, he could arrange a price sufficiently low to pull off the business.

As with the cotton manufacturer, so in other important industries. Because the producer finds it difficult to think in large quantities of standardised articles, and because there is no co-operation between the different firms and processes in an industry, large numbers of factories have to work half-time and large numbers of workers have to go on the dole. The manufacturers make less profit and pay less income tax, and the consumers go without being able to satisfy their needs. The cry is heard that trade is bad, as if there were some mysterious disease abroad which no one could do anything about. Nothing of the kind. If trade is bad, if men are on the dole, if profits are not being made, it points to the absence of thought and imagination, of the power to co-ordinate industrial and financial processes, and to the lack of a forward courageous sales policy by a strong marketing organisation for the industry.

It is almost pathetic to listen to those business men who look everywhere else but to their own lack of imagination and under-

standing for the cause of their ills. They sometimes think that by the magic wave of a wand government or some political party or group can find them a quick and effective remedy, and that prosperity is merely waiting round the corner to fly into their arms. I know that we are asked to look with envious eyes at the conditions in certain foreign countries. It doesn't need much study to convince anyone who cares to learn that their facade does not cover an industrial or social heaven, where everyone is happy. On the contrary, I believe that we are much better off here and that human relations are sweeter and of greater mutual tolerance and understanding. So let us concentrate our thought on what we are all up against in the course of our occupations, and then we shall know better how to guide the politicians in industrial matters, and whether politics are helping us as they should. The first guiding line which we must hold on to is that the British manufacturer and merchant must organise their jobs so as to be sufficiently adaptable to changing modes and conditions, and so as to prevent in the future, by foresight and courage, the type of crisis and depth of depression from which we may be just emerging.

Organise Labour Intake and Outgoing

But it will be argued that all this inevitable reorganisation leading to mass production and mass distribution only means more mechanisation, because you can only reduce costs still further by new inventions and labour saving machinery. Doesn't this mean throwing a lot of people out of work? Hasn't it already been one of the causes of the existing unemployment? There are two classes of unemployed, those temporarily and those permanently out of work. Temporary unemployment can be minimised by better planning of production, and its distribution. The temporary unemployed will be taken up by an expansion of demand for the cheaper article through more and better paid consumers. The increase of purchasing power through better organised production is Britain's prime need. The more we can expand purchasing power, the more we can reduce unemployment. There will, however, be some permanent unemployment. This is unavoidable, and we must employ a new approach to it in order to tackle it effectively. Let us organise a proper employment policy.

There is nothing new about the idea of distributing employment among those for whom it is socially most desirable. The Old Age Pensions have established the principle that when age diminishes strength and skill, men and women shall no longer drudge, but shall be given support by the State. Why should not industry take upon itself the responsibility of organising its labour intake and outgoing? It might say to the older men and women, we don't need you to work on, keeping out of jobs men and women between, say, 18, up to 55 or even 60 years of age, who can carry on more skilfully and efficiently. You can retire and during our prosperous years we will, with some assistance from the State, make provision for your future. Even for machinery we are quite used to setting aside a certain sum for depreciation, so that we need not work plant to the last possible turn of its parts. Some manufacturers still use 50-year-old plant, but the progressive producer realises that it doesn't pay. How much stronger is the argument in favour of making provision through industry for industry's retired personnel. In time we shall realise that it doesn't pay to work people whilst they are too old merely because it hasn't occurred to us to plan a human depreciation fund, so that they can be given an adequate pension at the right age. Similarly at the other end of the human scale, is there nothing else to be done with the young boys and girls, who are put to work when they might still be learning things and equipping themselves to be better workers and better citizens later on? It used to be the custom to work 10- and 12-year-old children long hours in the mills. As the industrial system grew up, it was recognised that this practice was not only very cruel but quite unnecessary, and now we don't allow children below 14 to work in this way. But there is nothing magic about 14. Actually that age limit was fixed when conditions were quite different from what they are now. If we can get through all the work that needs doing without making young people work all day and every day, let us take advantage of our good fortune. Until they are 16 or 18 they should only be allowed to work half time and the other half should be spent in training themselves under the guidance of the best industrial educationalists to equip themselves with greater skill for the job they propose to take up. At the same time during this half-time period room would be made for the employment of men and women from 18 onwards, who are now jobless. After all, we pay 150,000 men in the Army, and nearly 100,000 men in the Navy to do nothing but keep ready to protect us, because we feel that it is worth while. Might it not be just as sensible for the nation to pay something to make all its future citizens fitter and better able to play their part by not thrusting them at too

tender an age, unprepared and none too well equipped, into jobs which could be more sanely done by older people?

Let me give you a figure or two. If the school-leaving age were raised to 15 and all young people between 15 and 18 went on with their training half-time and were employed the other half, we should be spared the half-million workless juveniles whom we are otherwise likely to have in three years' time, when all the post-War babies are looking for jobs, and we should create anything up to half-a-million new jobs for those over 18 years old. We should to a large extent kill two evils with one stone—the evil of boy and girl loafers and the evil of fit able-bodied men unable to get jobs.

The critics say, 'Very nice, but we can't afford it!' My reply is, if they think that, they are making the same mistake as the producer who thought he could not afford to scrap his obsolete and antiquated machinery and replace it with modern machines. The profit and loss to the nation has all been carefully worked out. The critics are looking at it through nineteenth-century eyes. If we will realise how important for our future it is to use, thoughtfully and with foresight, the power which we have got, we can not only by a reorganisation of production and marketing lower our costs and make ourselves more competitive in the markets of the world, but we shall in this way create more purchasing power for the whole of the community and shall be able to pay for more leisure distributed where it is wanted. Industry has been squeezed and the channels of trade choked during these last years.

Industry Should Pool its Resources

A hundred years ago, when the growth of industry was beginning, people felt cramped and frustrated in much the same way. No one could have built the railways, for instance, if it had not been for the invention of the limited company, which led thousands to pool their savings without risking their whole fortunes on it. We need another invention like that now; an invention which will let all the people in industry pool their resources for certain limited purposes, so that they could speak and act as a whole for these purposes. Perhaps the Industrial Council or the Chartered Corporation may be the answer to the great twentieth-century problems in industry as the Limited Company was the answer to the great nineteenth-century problems. After all, in the Limited Company type of business the driving force is the Board of Directors or the management. Not the owners of the share capital, who whilst the business is prosperous don't want to interfere with the carrying on of it, or even with its working policy. In the Chartered Corporation the management will still be the driving force, but its direction will be to benefit the industry as a whole, because, after all, the success of most individual businesses is dependent on the prosperity of the whole of the industry of which it forms part. So the Chartered Corporation of the iron and steel industry, for example, would strengthen the central marketing organisation, would help to refit inefficient units if a demand were made for their products, would more easily and more cheaply plan and finance a forward and aggressive sales policy and so on.

Of course all this implies a new outlook, and particularly a sense of co-operation and industrial co-ordination. I agree that it will not be easy of achievement, because merely to understand the approach to it demands a change in the mental attitude of the business man to his own interests and to that of the industry to which he belongs. Most of us, in the final analysis, are bound by old habits and old prejudices. We see these prejudices in other people, but we very rarely see them in ourselves. Yet all of us—manufacturers, merchants, workers, consumers, and everybody else—are still largely in the grip of these cramping old habits of mind. Let us shake off our ingrained suspicions. Let us get the habit of looking at our problems in industry and society in a new way. Let us give up the old-fashioned ideas of scarcity—that the only way to get something is by robbing someone else of it, and that hoarding is a virtue, consuming things is wicked, and so forth. We in this country have learnt a little to co-operate. We haven't the frightful racial hatreds you see in some countries. We haven't the scourge of organised crime, because the ordinary citizen has helped to put it down. We display an instinctive readiness to co-operate in an emergency which has seen us through a lot of the worst patches in the last thirty years.

We have learnt in industry to get agreements between management and workers; we have even given everyone a vote and trusted them to use it. But there are still far too many of the old fears about, and they are holding us up. What are we afraid of? Co-operation between employer and worker; raw material seller, and manufacturer; government and industry—has taken us a very long way. Let us co-operate more. Let us see how we can all make a better job of making Britain prosperous and happy. It can be done. Brains are there ready to solve all our problems.

If our industrial organisations are to be of use, not only to their members, but to the industry as a whole, and finally to the people whom they serve, they ought to express such ideas as employing more people, bringing about improved relations between management and labour, increasing sales by lowering

costs and developing new markets, and so on. This would be a positive and healthy growth. It must have struck you, as it has struck me, that nearly all our existing organisations—industrial and workers—such as employers' associations, trade unions, and so forth—are based on fear. They are formed usually to defend their members against some hostile body, or as in trade associations, against other groups, and very often to guard their closely kept business secrets. Why can't we get rid of this fear and suspicion in business? After all, it doesn't even do what it pretends to. Let me tell you a story. A big business amalgamation happened not long ago, in which fifteen rival firms were incorporated in a single big undertaking. As soon as the pool was complete, officials of the new concern went carefully through all the businesses it had bought up in order to discover their business secrets. Every firm out of the fifteen had a lot of secret processes, and it turned out when they went into it that every firm out of the fifteen knew all the so-called secrets of the other fourteen. All the time and effort that is still being spent on this rather childish game could be better employed. Instead of organising to do one another down, we might try organising to help one another. We don't want fear and anarchy in industry. If we can find a means for our Dominions to govern themselves in peace, is it beyond us to find a way for the cotton industry, the iron and steel industry, and the coal mining industry to govern themselves without relying on State support? Why can't every decent industry settle its own affairs through its own Industry Council? When I have suggested this idea on former occasions I have always been met with the criticism—'Ah, yes! but what about the liberty of the individual?' In fact are there not too many Boards and Councils and Corporations already, and will not more of them make for tyranny, and cut down the freedom of the individual? But is the individual free now? He is at the mercy of all sorts of forces which he cannot control, and he is helpless. Look at all the private individuals who cannot fight a crisis or depression and have to go under because there is no one to assist them over the bad period. Look at all the men who are out of work through no fault of their own. Look at all the producers who can keep their heads above water only by resorting to one shift after another. Isn't it absurd that a man skilled at breeding pedigree stock should have to spend a lot of his time peddling half-pints of milk round the neighbourhood because he can't make a living out of stock breeding, which is his real job, when our live stock urgently needs improving? We know that anyone is free to leave their job and take another whenever they please. But what good is it if we can't organise our work well enough to provide jobs even in building houses or making other things which people are desperately longing to have? Is it not more likely, in a well organised industry, where the individual constituent has an industry outlook and where ideas, plans, policy, technical improvements, and so forth are pooled for the benefit of all in the industry, that the individual firm will have a greater sense of security and permanence, that the fear of being unable to withstand the sudden shock of an unexpected crisis will be eliminated. This will be more like real liberty. Don't let us mistake muddle for freedom. If we do we are playing into the hands of those who preach desperate remedies. There is no need for them.

The Urge Towards Common Action

'Yes', you say, 'but how are we to get all this going?' Well, why not see what the people in industry are actually trying to do already, in a confused sort of way, and help them to do it better? Look at the woollen industry. They have created an organisation called the Wool Combers Mutual Association, Ltd., so as to liquidate their excessive plant in an orderly manner. Shipbuilders are doing the same. Look at the iron and steel industry; they have already pooled their export selling organisation to a large extent, and are now coming to the point of putting their whole industry under a National Committee, which could speak for them all. Or look at the timber importers, who have formed a single company to buy all the timber we import from Russia. Last month there was a meeting of pottery manufacturers who took steps towards an agreed code of working for the pottery industry. I have not mentioned the Milk and Pigs Marketing Boards, although the 96 per cent. and 98 per cent. votes by which these were set up were more remarkable demonstrations of solid support than any foreign dictator has ever been able to show in favour of any policy.

All through industry this urge towards common action is plain. Let us make it even plainer. Let us show that there is a demand for common institutions. We are already travelling in the direction of self-government for industry. How can we travel that way more quickly? I think that we are all beginning to see a break in the clouds which in these last post-War years have cast such a gloom over the world's industry and trade. In our own country too we have not escaped the storm. We possess, however, assets of priceless value. Amongst them is the skill and adaptability of our producers, merchants and workers. We have also the spirit, the strength and the genius to clean up the wreckage of the storm, and to build again so firmly that we need not fear another. I think that we have the ability and intelligence to plan ahead with foresight and courage. If government, industry and finance will pull together we shall reach our goal.

Industrial Britain—IV

The Science of Business Management

By Professor JOHN HILTON

TO manage an apple cart well requires, I am sure, rich personal gifts and a sound system of management; but not quite the same gifts or system as are required for managing a shipyard or a modern clothing factory. Let me take a works producing a fair variety of goods. The concern will probably be a limited liability company. There will be shareholders somewhere in the background. The shareholders are the nominal owners, the proprietors. Their interest is in the concern paying its way, making a profit, and becoming more valuable. But they have delegated authority to a board of directors, who may or may not be themselves large shareholders. Some of these directors, and in some cases all of them, are men (or women) who take an active part in the day-to-day running of the firm. It is the board as a whole that decides policy. I deal here not with policy, but with the translating of policy into practice. That is the job, primarily, of the managing director, and, under him, of the various departmental heads. There will be a number of these, each with his own line of duty, responsibility and authority. There will probably be a works manager, a chief salesman, a chief accountant, a head designer; there may be a chief engineer, a production manager, and a labour controller.

Difficulties of Equal Authority

Already I am right in the middle of a major problem of factory organisation. Here are seven people (and there might well be more) of equal status, each responsible, not for some nice separate compact department, but for some phase or function of general activity. The problem is so to arrange things that each has authority in his own province, but none cuts across the tracks of another. Unless the managing director knows what he is about, the chief salesman will be running down into the workshops and telling the foreman that some highly-prized customer wants the earliest possible delivery, and will he please put everything else aside and get that order through. A little later, the works manager comes along, and wants to know who has been interfering with his instructions as to the priority of work in the shops. The foreman says it is the chief salesman. Then the fat is in the fire. But that is a simple case. The managing director can easily tell the chief salesman to keep out of the shops; or (if he must go there) to give no instructions to anyone. But what of the works manager, the production engineer, and the chief designer? You can't keep them out of the shops, nor the special staffs under them; for the one must adapt his designs to the method of making them, and the other has responsibility for how and at what rate things shall be made. The works manager may have very different ideas from either of them as to how things should be made, and after all, the actual making of them is his responsibility. Here are endless opportunities for quarrels and cross orders. And what of the labour superintendent, who is responsible for the engaging, distributing, transferring, and right handling of the whole of the operative staff? Suppose he is of opinion that George Smith is the right man for a job in the assembly department, and the foreman and works manager say he is not. What then? How can an organisation run in which people of equal authority can have equal powers over different aspects of the same things?

Your answer may be that things that are impossible in logic will work all right in practice, provided everyone behaves in a reasonable way. That is quite true, and the supreme quality required in a managing director is the knack of keeping everyone behaving reasonably. But a logical system, if there could be one, would make that easier. The old plan was logical enough. You had the manager at the top; under him the heads of departments; under each head of department half-a-dozen or so foremen; under each foreman his twenty or a hundred workpeople. Each superintendent or foreman knew exactly where he stood; he was in complete charge of everything and everybody under him and was responsible only to the man above him. The workpeople took orders from the foreman; no one must butt in on his authority; no one must go over his head or behind his back. A logical scheme; but it broke down. It

broke down because the foreman or the superintendent could not be an expert on everything; and the day of the expert had come. This sort of thing developed. A planning and production department was created, consisting of people whose one special job was that of studying how the machines and benches should be laid out, how the work in progress should travel through the shops; which machines should do which work, and at what speed, and how. That had been the foreman's entire responsibility, under the superintendent; now both must stand aside for the specialist. A works accountant was appointed for his expert knowledge of estimating and costing. He created the system under which all records were kept; and he had supreme authority under the management for all that came within his province. And so on.

'Functional Devolution'

You will see that this knocks the old arrangement endwise. These are people with a roving authority over special functions. This kind of organisation has been called 'functional devolution'. The great F. W. Taylor, the American pioneer of scientific management, believed that the only really efficient way of running a works was to scrap outright the old line of authority and replace it by an upper staff in which no one had authority, except within his own expert function. That's logical; but neither does that work very well; a man has so many expert advisers, interferers, and bosses that he doesn't know where he is. So what we have in all our great works is a mixture of the two things; there is the old pyramid of authority, but cutting across it at every point is the special functional authority of the expert.

Everywhere in large-scale industry I found that the upper posts fell, more or less clearly, into one of two types. There were the posts that called for wide general knowledge and practical experience, coupled with the gift for getting people to work smoothly and efficiently together. These are the foremen and the superintendents and the general manager. The people filling these posts had mostly come up from the ranks of the workpeople. The technical school had played its part in the equipment of a great many, but they had shown their mettle as workmen before gaining promotion. I think, and indeed I hope, that will continue to be the case; but I fancy the ground-work of science acquired by continued education at a technical institute, up to the age of seventeen or perhaps eighteen, will count for more in the future than in the past. It is not that the foreman and superintendent of the future will need to be scientists; but they will need to know enough of science and scientific method to be able to appreciate what the fellow in the laboratory is doing. It is not always easy to introduce into the shops as an ordinary apprentice or learner, a youth who has continued his technical education much beyond the age of sixteen; but a good many firms are contriving to do it and the trade unions are accommodating themselves to it. I am glad of all that, for it is most important that youths who have had a continued education should start in industry on the same footing as anybody else. If they cannot earn promotion with the added advantage of their technical training, then either their personal qualities are not very high or the openings are limited; and in either case they are lucky to have a good job at the bench.

University Graduates for the Specialist Posts

The other kind of post is the specialist post. The works accountant, the works chemist, the chief designer, cannot pick up in the shops the science required for their jobs. These are coming, and will come, in increasing numbers from our Universities and specialised training institutes. I thought some employers were not fully alive to the need for catching young and training on the experts they are going to need. But others were. In one not very big soap-works in Newcastle I found five University graduates hard at work. The managing director was quite clear as to what he was about. He wanted men who knew the chemistry of soap-making; men who could take and carry out instructions expressed in scientific terms; men who

could think forward, and know what to do, in an emergency. These fellows were not in a laboratory. They were in charge of production. I would have liked to see more of that.

But what of those who sit from time to time in the Board Room—the chairman, the directors, and especially the managing director. How did they get there? What has been, and what will be, their upbringing? They were all hard-working fellows keen on their jobs; the job of direction and administration. How did they come to be there? I asked myself what qualities were most required in these posts. Plainly they differ according to kind. The building up of a great enterprise calls for the passionate creative will; the running of an established business calls for a sense of good government. Of course the ideal ruler of a great enterprise would combine both qualities; but how often does he appear on earth? And when he appears, is it certain that he will get where he ought to be? How are we going to make sure that the supreme direction of industry falls to people of the right type? That is a question, not for me to answer but for you to ponder.

Behind the art of good government in industry there exists, and there is beginning to be formulated, a science of industrial administration; an ordered body of knowledge derived from world-wide industrial experience; a science that can be taught as any other. In the art of management no science can be a substitute for character and natural genius; but it can make them more effective for their job. I see signs of industrial administration coming to be regarded as a profession for which professional qualifications are required. This notion is as yet in its infancy; but it will grow. A man has to give proof of competence before he can practise in law or medicine; why not before he practises in industrial management?

Good Management on the Human Side

One afternoon that stands out in the memories of my tour I spent with a young man in charge of a long-established textile mill. He was there because he was the son of his father. He had not been very many years down from Cambridge. When I speak of the fate of our industrial system depending on the emergence of a type of employer who loves his business more than the gains to be screwed out of it, he is one of those of whom I am thinking. I went with him round the mill. Experiments were going on. We stopped at one machine and another to examine and discuss the new devices. He spoke with the operators. Of those conversations I have a most vivid impression. He was not an employer talking with an employee: it was two people equally and deeply interested in the working of the new machinery. I saw there what good management can be on the human side. But I mention that encounter for another reason. We went into the office, and talked of the business side of management. I soon knew he not only had his people working with him instead of for him; but he knew the business from end to side. He knew the facts. It was his hobby or his passion to know the facts. To manufacture intelligently and trade soundly you must know the cost of everything at every stage. He found that as fascinating as some people find the game of bridge; and much more useful.

One of the specialised departments that have come into existence in our time is the production engineer's department. He is responsible for the kind of machinery to be installed; for the lay-out of benches, ovens, machines, conveyors, and all production plant; he is responsible for how things shall be made; and for the speed at which they can, or ought, to be made. You needn't be told of the advantages of having the method and rate of production directed by specialists. I shall take that for granted; though I have talked with foremen who thought the gains much over-rated. Naturally. But I leave that because I want to say a few words about those fellows in the production department who have to do a very different job under fire from all sides; I mean the rate-fixer and the demonstrator.

The rate-fixer is the man who calculates and reports how long a job ought to take if it is done properly. On his reports the time allowed or the piece-price to be paid for a job are fixed. The demonstrator is the fellow who comes along to the machine, if there is any argument, to show that the job can be done in that time easily. You can imagine that the rate-fixer must have both nous and tact to carry on his job without a rumpus every other day. I have watched and talked a good deal with rate-fixers and demonstrators in various establishments, and I have talked about them with operatives and foremen. I come to this general conclusion. It is a good thing to

have the method and the rate of production centralised under a special department. From its records and experience such a department can get to know just how things are best done; and can learn to fix piece-work prices much more accurately and fairly than any foreman can. That is a good deal; but there is another advantage. It leaves the foreman free of all questions of rate-fixing; and if there is any disagreement between the men and the rate-fixers the foreman comes into the scrap as referee and peacemaker. That, I think, is very much to the good. The foreman has to learn a new kind of job; but it is a good job.

Provision for Securing Justice—

In what I have just been saying I have had in mind two of the best of all the works I visited on my tour, one in the north of England, one in Scotland. The questions I am discussing are delicate ones, and the works shall be nameless. They both have planning and production departments, they both have rate-fixers, and they both have managed to find a way of keeping everybody working harmoniously without continual flare-ups. How do they manage it? In the first place, they are both trade union shops. They not only put up with trade unionism, they welcome it and work in with it. In the second place, the arrangements they have for estimating and negotiating piece-work prices have been made in consultation with the workpeople through their trade unions. The scheme is an agreed scheme. In the third place, whenever a difference of opinion arises about what is a fair time or a fair piece-price, the shop steward (that is, the working trade-union representative in each department) and the foreman are empowered to discuss the matter jointly with the rate-fixing department, and if the three cannot come to an agreement, they can go and put it to the manager for decision.

What I see here is the provision for securing justice. I have been discussing elaborate systems of directing and controlling great industrial organisations. Believe me, none of them will work to any lasting purpose unless they are based on justice, and give opportunities for appeals against what is thought to be injustice. Without that, no firm can permanently secure the loyal co-operation of its workpeople. I value the strong trade union for many things, among them this: that it is an agency for conducting the case of the worker in all questions of industrial justice. Some of the firms I visited had no use for trade-unionism; would have no truck with the trade union or its representatives. They seemed to be getting on very well for the moment; but I doubt the wisdom of their policy. I would like to inscribe in indelible characters on the desk of every director of an industrial concern these words: 'He who flouts the principles or the agencies of industrial justice wrecks the foundations of British Industry'.

—and a System of 'Brawling Loutishness'

I have given you one or two pictures of good management. I will end with one of putrid management. One evening, on my tour, I sat in a workman's club with two very worried men. They were turners in a well-known industrial concern. They had worked for that firm for a good many years. That very afternoon they had been summoned to appear, along with the foreman and the shop superintendent, before the manager. The reason for the summons none of the four knew. The two workmen were left on the mat while the two chiefs had a prior audience. There were 'noises within'. After a while the two men were told to enter. They stood on the carpet while a roaring manager, pop-eyed with push and go, told them that their piece-work prices were ridiculous, that any jumped-up labourer could do their jobs (it was in fact highly skilled work); and they were given ten days' notice as from that hour, but if inside that ten days they came forward with an offer to do the work at an unnamed price which he, the manager, was willing to accept, he would reconsider their dismissal. No comments were invited or allowed. The proceedings wound up with a 'get out' addressed to all four. That's a one-sided story. The manager might tell it differently. But I heard it, and I felt it, and I know that it was substantially true. Never mind the bounce and the bluster. Think of the ignorance of fact; the appalling clumsiness and rottenness of method. It will take a lot to blow British Industry sky-high, but a few managers of that type would go a long way. If you have to choose between scientific management and brawling loutishness, which will you have? What can you and I do to save industry from such direction and control?

Symbol of Our Time



Gigantic gas tubes in course of construction

Photograph: E. O. Hopf

Coal or Oil?

A Discussion between W. G. GORDON and ADRIAN CORBETT

W. G. GORDON: Does the future lie with oil or coal? That's the question, isn't it? As representing the Coal Utilisation Council, I, of course, think there's nothing like coal—provided it is British coal. But I don't want you to imagine that we have no ideas beyond fires made with lumps of raw coal, a few sticks, a scrap of newspaper, and a box of matches. After all, our second name is 'Utilisation', and our real case isn't that of coal *versus* oil, but of national *versus* imported fuel. We believe that before many years have passed Britain will be entirely independent of foreign fuel. We shall be able to supply all our requirements of oil and petrol from the distillation or carbonisation of our own coal. Even now there is nothing that foreign oil can do which cannot be done as well or better—and at the same for a lower cost—by coal or something made from coal, like gas or electricity or benzole. As we see it, this fuel problem must be looked at from two points of view: that of the consumer or user of fuel, and that of the nation. Does the consumer get as good or better value for his money by using national fuel? And is it in the national interest that we should import 2,000 million gallons of foreign fuel every year at a cost of £27 millions?

A. CORBETT: But that figure includes all the imported petrol, lubricating oil, etc.

W. G. G. We will deal with that in a minute. Let me finish my statement first. I don't want to load the discussion with figures, but I think it has been proved and accepted that with oil fuel it costs 2s., without tax, to turn a thousand pounds' weight of water into steam (it doesn't matter for the moment for what purpose that steam is subsequently used, whether for central heating, or to drive some sort of machinery, or for any other process). With coal we can do it for 1s. That is the consumer's end of the problem. Then every ton of coal, whether it is used in a fireplace or a furnace, puts a British miner at work for a day. On the other hand, every ton of imported oil, if it displaces coal, puts a miner on the dole for a day-and-a-half; and there are about 2½ million tons of coal displaced by oil for inland consumption alone every year.

Two-and-a-quarter million days' work lost to British miners, of whom there are at this moment about 200,000 wholly unemployed and about 50,000 temporarily stopped! That is part of the national aspect of this problem. It is the most important part, but it is not the only part. Another is the question of payment for that imported fuel. We all know by this time that payment for what we buy from abroad has to be made by selling goods or rendering services to the foreigner. But we are also unfortunately aware how averse many foreigners are to buying our goods or making use of our services. They want to sell to us without the obligation of buying from us.

Now I am sure that you know far too much about the modern methods of coal utilisation to talk about coal being 'old-fashioned' or 'out-of-date'. I know there are people who still talk like that, just as some people really are old-fashioned in the way they burn their coal. But that is hardly the fault of the coal; and there are people who still refuse themselves the convenience of a fountain pen, or the benefits of a safety razor. It may be from prejudice, or it may be simply that they haven't had the advantage of these things fully explained to them. As far as coal is concerned, it is one of the principal objects of the Coal Utilisation Council to supply information about modern methods in an accessible and attractive form. Nobody, for instance, would have any excuse for continuing to talk about coal fires being old-fashioned who had seen a copy of our illustrated folder on *How to use Coal wisely in your Home*.

There is nothing old-fashioned about automatic stokers which ensure that the furnace always has enough coal but not too much, and that the coal always burns with a glowing surface, thereby preventing smoke. There is nothing old-fashioned about automatic controls which can be set at a certain temperature and will see that the central heating plant keeps the room or the building at that temperature, neither more nor less. And I am sure you will agree that the utilisation of coal for the extraction from it of dyes and chemicals and fertilisers; for the manufacture of gas and the generation of electricity; and, lastly and most hopefully, for the production of oil itself, is anything but out-of-date. That is my case, in essence.

A. C.: That is all very interesting and persuasive, but it does not say much for the business methods of the coal industry. What you say in substance is that coal has fallen miles behind in the race for business because it has failed, so far, to convince the public that coal is not out-of-date and old-fashioned. It seems to follow that the coal industry is looking to Parliament by means of the fuel oil tax and the guaranteed duty preference on home-produced oil to do what the coal salesman and the coal technician should have done long ago. I appreciate the implied compliment to the oil industry if you are looking to Parliament and the taxpayer to do the work that the coal industry has so far been unable to do unaided, but I see no reason why, in the national interest, that particular industry should be assisted to, as I believe, the detriment of industry as a whole.



In a research station: experimenting on the production of liquid fuel from coal

The question as to whether coal is old-fashioned and out-of-date or not simply does not arise. I say let each be sold purely on its merits, at the world market price, without the intervention of the politician, and let us see by this practical and conclusive test which is the better article. As to the two points of view you mentioned—the consumer's and the nation's—they seem to me to be precisely the same. The nation is merely the whole body of consumers, and what is best for the nation's industry must be best for the nation. All the oil industry seeks for is a fair field and no favour. Let the competition be an open race at level weights, not a handicap in which the weights are allotted by the coal interests.

W. G. G.: I would remind you that it wasn't coal that imposed the tax. It was Parliament who decided that British trade must come before international free trade.

A. C.: There is one test and one test only: which fuel does industry choose? If industry is satisfied that your article is better than ours at the price at which you offer it, good luck to you—go in and win. What we say is that it cannot be in the national interest to tax one of the great raw materials of industry so as to force the most progressive elements to give up the fuel they prefer for one which they have already tried and abandoned. If industry were, in fact, ready to believe and you could prove that it costs twice as much to evaporate water with oil as with coal, not a ton of oil could be sold for the purpose, whereas the complaint you make is that coal is displaced by oil for this, amongst many other purposes. The real fact is that oil is so overwhelmingly superior for many steam-raising purposes and especially for ships, that industry insists and will continue to insist upon using fuel oil for many purposes unless the price is so raised by parliamentary action as to make it uneconomic. That is my answer to your first point.

As to your statement that oil causes the British miner to lose two-and-a-quarter-million days' work every year, I dispute this strongly. In the first place you have omitted to realise that one-sixth of the heavy oil consumed in the domestic market in 1932 was used for gas enriching—that is to say, it helped instead of

hindered the consumption of coal. In the second place, although to say 'if it displaces coal' it puts a miner out of work, you proceed to assume that every ton of imported fuel oil can be replaced by coal efficiently and economically if each is sold at its true world price. Many industries, and amongst them the most progressive, find oil essential for maximum efficiency and economy. To hamper really progressive industries to benefit an industry that has lagged behind is surely pretty poor economics.

are the basic fuels of all industrial processes where cost is the primary consideration, these being by far the cheapest fuels on a heat-unit basis'. That is what your people said.

You talk about the benefits conferred on mankind by oil, but you conveniently forget that the first road vehicle to go under its own power was a steamer built by Trevithick in 1802, and that steam stage-coaches travelled as fast as 14 miles per hour in 1824. They were, however, driven off the roads by

legislative enactment in 1865. Then the first vehicle propelled by an internal combustion engine was Butler's tricycle in 1875. That used benzolin—produced from coal tar.

But the most striking advances in coal utilisation are of comparatively recent date. Before they reached their present state of development oil had become the fashion. It was supposed to be the most up-to-date form of fuel and there are always a certain number of people whose fancy is caught by the new-fangled. But the nation cannot allow even that number (represented at present by a loss to the coal industry of 2½ million tons of coal a year) to be so caught.

A. C.: Believe me, the leaders of British industry are not fools. They are not caught by phrases, but by facts. They chose oil and will stick to oil—unless Parliament intervenes arbitrarily to prevent it—until facts show that coal is better for their purpose. Obviously cheapness is not the only test. If the advances in coal utilisation are, as you say, of comparatively recent date, more shame to the coal industry. If your industry had spent a fraction of the money, time and energy which my industry



Coal barges on the Thames—

To interfere with progress puts men out of work; it does not increase employment in the long run.

My third and by far my most important point of disagreement with you relates to your failure to recognise the enormous benefits which have been conferred on this country by imported oil. Your reference to the oil imported last year includes the 3½ million tons of petrol which kept in active operation the whole aviation and transport industry as well as countless subsidiary industries. Our great complaint against the advocates of the coal point of view both inside and outside Parliament is that they constantly try to create prejudice in the public mind against so-called foreign or imported oil, without ever reminding the public of the immense services rendered to them by that oil. Is my industry to be given no credit for having enabled this country to take the leading place in aviation, in the manufacture of the heavy and light motor vehicle and internal combustion engines of all types, in shipping and other directions too numerous to mention? Is it fair either to the public or the oil industry to suggest that the importation of 3½ million tons of a vital commodity like petrol is a national disaster and not to tell them at the same time that the coal industry has not spent one penny of its own money in seeking to find alternatives?

The real fact is that, so far from having in any way injured the coal miner, the imported oil to which you have referred has kept thousands of miners in continuous employment. One estimate recently given to the Institute of Fuel is that every ton of imported oil has meant the use of 2½ tons of coal in the manufacture of the steel for the ships, refineries, tanks, drilling equipment, and so on required to produce transport and refine the oil. The oil industry claims that industry's fuel problem in Britain isn't coal or oil at all—it's coal and oil. That's my case.

W. G. G.: Not only can we prove that coal is cheaper than oil, but the document your industry produced at the time of the discussion in Parliament last year admitted that 'coal and coke



—and oil pipes in Persia

Photographs: E. O. Hoppé

has spent on research, experiment, and scrapping of plant the moment it became obsolescent, coal would not have to complain that the poor innocent industrialist was being misled by the silver-tongued oil salesman. Fuel oil competes with and displaces coal only where it is the better fuel and where it is clearly of advantage to national efficiency, which means the national interest.

W. G. G.: I can't allow the suggestion to pass that the coal industry has spent nothing on research, but probably the expenditure has been spread over a far larger number of units and in smaller individual sums than is the case in your industry—and over a far longer period of time. Mining operations present new problems for research every day; and it is because that research is carried out continuously that our mines are the safest in the world.

You seem to think that what is best for the whole body of consumers must be best for the nation. That is sheer confusion of thought. The preference of the consumer cannot be the

only test. From the point of view of an individual, efficiency or price may tip the scales only slightly one way or the other. But the decision of thousands of these individuals may send one of the scales in the *national* balance down with a crash.

A. C.: How's that possible? Surely if industry is efficient and therefore competitive and prosperous, that must be of advantage to the nation as a whole.

W. G. G.: Let me put it this way with regard to the tax on fuel oil: the most urgent task of the National Government when it came into power was to prevent the collapse of the pound sterling with all its disastrous consequences. This necessitated redressing our trade balance, in other words rigorously cutting down all unnecessary imports from abroad.

A. C.: I don't agree at all. The task of the National Government was to restore the national credit that had been seriously weakened by the unbalanced state of our Budget. The collapse of the pound was solely due to our misguided attempts to maintain it at far too high a value in relation to other currencies. No commodity has done more than oil to restore the national credit by its contribution to the balancing of the Budget. Last year the petrol tax alone brought in more than £35 millions.

W. G. G.: My point is that we have got a large unemployed mining population which in any case has to be supported out of state funds, and it would cost the country practically nothing to employ these men in getting coal instead. So if by producing oil from that coal we thus avoid an importation of a corresponding quantity, its whole value is a net gain to the country.

A. C.: I don't consider it a net gain at all. Let me remind you here when you speak of the expenditure on importing petrol as being disadvantageous, that of every rs. 6d. spent by a customer on the purchase of a gallon of petrol last year, less than 4d. represented the landed value, 8d. was tax, and the balance was wholly spent here.

W. G. G.: But you can't measure the country's interests in this matter merely by the difference in cost of coal and oil to individual consumers. Cut off imports of foreign oil and the produce of our exports can be used for buying food and the materials that are essential to our existence.

A. C.: In my view this country's great concern today isn't in its imports, but the loss of its export trade. If you hamper industry by artificially increasing its costs of production, away goes what is left of our foreign trade.

W. G. G.: Anyhow you can't get away from the fact that other countries in *their* national interest imposed a tax on imported fuel oil before we did and at a higher rate than we have. France did it to protect the French miner and protect the franc; Germany did it to protect the German miner and safeguard the mark. We must do it to protect the British miner and safeguard the pound.

A. C.: As far as the fuel oil tax is concerned, Parliament didn't even pretend that it was imposed in order to safeguard the pound. Its admitted purpose was to divert business to places where it didn't flow naturally. If safeguarding the pound had been the object, why was coastwise shipping exempted?

W. G. G.: The Chancellor of the Exchequer explained that at the time. His reason was that the coastwise shipping industry could not be given protection, whereas oil-using industries were getting it.

A. C.: Exactly; in other words he realised that coastwise shipping could not compete in the world markets if its raw material was taxed.

W. G. G.: You referred to a recent estimate that every ton of imported oil means the use of 2½ tons of coal. We cannot accept those figures—for instance, it no longer takes 4 tons of coal to make a ton of steel. But the real point is that the period referred to was one of capital development in the oil industry and the expenditure will not recur. Further, whatever substance there may be in this claim as regards petrol—and eventually we hope to produce that petrol from coal—it cannot be justified as regards fuel oil.

A. C.: If I may say so, that is a typical coal argument. Capital once invested, money once spent, is not spent for ever. The whole secret of our success is that we have never been afraid to scrap anything that was becoming old-fashioned and replace it by something new and more efficient. The investment of British capital in the oil business today exceeds £145 millions and is continuing every day. We are never afraid of spending to save. In our view this investment is of the greatest value both to England and the Empire. Oil, more even than gold and other minerals, has carried British capital, British energy and British prestige into the farthest corners of the earth. Trade follows the flag and no industry has carried the flag of British trade more successfully than the oil industry.

W. G. G.: You forget, Mr. Corbett, that coal carried that

flag all over the world before oil was ever heard of, and with the benefit of the latest methods of using coal for marine purposes it will do so again. Though I agree that the oil industry may be large and important, there are many reasons why, nevertheless, it is to the national interest to produce our oil—especially petrol—from a home material, namely coal.

A. C.: I can see no justification for the proposal now before Parliament to foster the home production of oil by a guaranteed duty preference. Take hydrogenation of coal, for instance. What economic justification can there be for fostering an industry to manufacture hydrogenated petrol at double the cost of importation? There is already an enormous over-supply of oil in the world. Why add to this over-supply at the expense of the taxpayer? With the present duty of 6d. a gallon, for every 100,000 tons of petrol produced in this country the Exchequer loses £1,000,000. If there were any prospect or possibility of a world shortage of oil there might be some justification for developing a process such as coal hydrogenation, but the world-resources of oil are so vast that there is nothing to be feared on the score of an oil shortage. Nor is there anything new in hydrogenation. The process has been worked on an industrial scale, certainly since 1927. It is a real puzzle to me to know why Parliament should imagine that so hopelessly uneconomic a proposition can benefit the country.

W. G. G.: I don't agree about oil being everlasting. Reliable estimates made by oil men put the proved world reserves of oil at about 20 years' supply. There is over-production now because every oil man is definitely anxious that the oil should come out of his well and not out of that of the man next door. But underground it all comes from the same reservoir. Coal, on the other hand, has reserves sufficient to last us over five centuries.

A. C.: No estimate of oil reserves is worth the paper it is written on. As proof of this I remind you that fifteen years ago the Chief Geologist to the American Government predicted that the oil of the world would be exhausted by today.

W. G. G.: But you must remember that in this country we have, practically speaking, no oil reserves at all, our only national fuel asset is coal. Supposing that for any reason—if there were a European war, for instance—we could not get our supplies of oil, industries and the defence forces would be in a very awkward position altogether. The supplies of home-produced oil might be vital to the Navy and the Air Force, which must have fuel to protect the food-carrying ships.

A. C.: If it is necessary in the national interest to hold reserves of oil in this country for times of national emergency, this can be done far more economically than by the erection of enormously costly and complicated coal hydrogenation plants. Fortunately oil is a commodity which is easily and cheaply transported, handled and stored, and does not deteriorate in storage. A few million pounds invested in stocks of oil stored in this country gives all the reserves that are required at a far lower cost.

And I want to make a defence point in connection with our discussion about forcing industry to exchange back from fuel oil to coal by Government action. To my mind, the only thing that can make a country strong in time of emergency is to make it technically strong and efficient in times of peace. There can be no greater safeguard to this country than to keep it in the forefront of technical progress and efficient production. Government interference—especially by the taxation of an essential raw material—is the last way to make the country industrially sound.

W. G. G.: You seem to have no objection to a few million pounds being spent on foreign oil, but you object to the assistance of Parliament in the development of a new British industry from coal. As for making an industry technically strong in times of peace, that is exactly what we in the coal industry are trying to do at the present time. Don't forget that only a few years ago it was *coal* that all the world wanted. The *utilisation* of coal is a comparatively new idea.

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The Listener's Music

The Foundations of Music

AMONG the many notable artistic enterprises of the B.B.C. the Foundations of Music series takes a high place. Perhaps the most convincing proof of this is the opposition it evokes from certain wireless paragraphists (I refuse to call them critics) in the daily Press who look with disfavour on any regular feature that strikes them as being educational (hated word!) rather than entertaining—overlooking the fact that to persons of taste and a reasonable degree of culture the terms are far from being contradictory. With the possible exception of architecture, all the arts provide a good deal of entertainment of the best type—*i.e.*, the type that wears well. Perhaps the title of the series, 'The Foundations of Music', is a trifle forbidding to the Tired Business Man, who (though he is unaware of the fact) listens with approval to a good deal that is less entertaining than, say, a Haydn Quartet, a Liszt Rhapsody, or a Scarlatti Sonata.

When the series was discontinued during the summer months last year the paragraphists exulted—until they discovered that the cessation was only temporary, the Foundations being continued in the autumn. This year there will be a similar break, but the resumption will see the start of a new and far more comprehensive scheme. A change was due, for at times during the past year or two the term 'Foundations' was a misnomer for some items that belonged rather to the superstructure, and not even the most important part of that. They were, in fact, popular classics whose right place would be in a series entitled 'The Golden Treasury of Music'; but they should be excluded from the Foundations save when they happen to be qualified by their importance as factors in the development of the art, *e.g.*, Haydn's Quartets. The B.B.C. musicians who are responsible for the Foundations have accordingly decided on a new policy, or rather an extension of the policy that marked the origin of the series.

The scope of the Foundations will be widened so as to embrace a larger proportion of works by the founders of a school or style hitherto unrepresented. The step calls for a view that is long as well as wide, and accordingly a Five Year Plan has been evolved. Each week's music will be given as far as possible in chronological order; and the choice will not be of a number of well-known pieces, but of works that will give the best possible survey of the type of composition under review. A capital feature will be a period of three months devoted to the Foundations of English Music.

Although the new scheme does not come into operation until the autumn, the programme from the present time until the end of June may be regarded as a foretaste. The list is set out below, and its diversity, and the fundamental character of most of it, is apparent at a glance.

For many of us the outstanding weeks will be those allotted to sixteenth-century instrumental music, the Art of Fugue, and Monteverde. The first will comprise such little known composers as Lorente (Spain); Du Caurroy (France); Giovanni Valentini (Italy); Metru (France); Harzebski (Poland-Bohemia); Joh. Kasp. Kerl (Austria); Buckner and Rosenmüller (South Germany); Diessener (Middle Germany); Hacquart (Netherlands); Kirchhoff (Sweden); Thieme (North Germany) and Legrenzi, Vitali and Stradella (Italy—later period).

Dr. Meyer suggests as a title for the week, 'Early Continental Baroque Chamber Music'. 'Baroque', as many readers know, is the term applied to the florid or fantastic in art, a development that marked the later Renaissance period. The label belongs to painting and architecture rather than to music, and its derivation is from the Portuguese *barrocco*, a misshapen pearl.

Some of these sixteenth-century composers do not appear in *Grove*, so it is to be hoped that a little information may be given in connection with the performances. Here are a few words about some of the most prominent:

Giovanni Valentini was the composer of sets of Masses published in 1617 and 1621, of madrigals with accompaniment published in 1619, 1621 and 1625, and of sonatas for strings. He was an organist.

Kerl was a famous organist, a pupil of the Valentini afore-said at Vienna. He wrote operas, organ, vocal and chamber music in which is sufficient harmonic daring to justify his being regarded as a true forerunner of Bach. Handel borrowed one of his canzonas and used it in 'Israel in Egypt' for the chorus 'Egypt was glad when they departed'.

Rosenmüller was an assistant master at the Leipzig Thomas-schule, where Bach subsequently reigned. He got into trouble and fled to Venice, returning to Germany and ending his days at Wolfenbüttel. He wrote much vocal music (still unpublished) and a good deal of chamber music.

Hacquart (or Hakart) flourished at the Hague, where he started Saturday evening concerts in 1693. His works comprise 'Cantiones sacrae' for various combinations of voices and instruments, ten sonatas for three and four instruments, etc.

Thieme was born at Dresden, and began his career as a choirboy at the Court Chapel at Copenhagen, returning to Germany for the remainder of his life, mainly spent as court musician. He wrote church and chamber music.

Legrenzi was an orchestral pioneer, with a force of thirty-four players at St. Mark's, Venice. He wrote much orchestral and other instrumental music, seventeen operas, etc. Bach wrote a fugue on a subject of Legrenzi's, and the chorus 'O first-created beam', in Handel's 'Samson', owes its origin to a Legrenzi motet.

Vitali (one of several composers of that name) was distinguished as a violinist and composer, and had much to do with the evolution of sonata form.

Stradella was versatile, being a singer, violinist and composer. He led an adventurous life, the record of which is still a mixture of fact and fiction. Handel helped himself to one of his Serenatas for 'Israel in Egypt'.

* * *

Musicians are unanimous in their approval of the Foundations of Music, but complaints are frequent concerning some details of the presentation.

First, is 6.30 the best time? The scheme is one that appeals primarily to musicians, including professionals, most of whom are still busy at 6.30. I am probably only one of many who keenly regret being unable to hear the Foundations save on an occasional holiday. And there must be a large number of keen amateurs whose only listening time is after 7.30 or 8.0. So important a series ought—sometimes, at all events—to be given at a time when listening is general, which is not the case at 6.30. There are obvious difficulties in the way of a regular late hour; not less obviously, any fixed time must deprive many listeners of ever hearing the Foundations. An alternation of early and late would therefore be desirable. I suggest that readers who are interested in the series should write to the B.B.C. stating their views as to the best hour.

Is there any reason why the Foundations should not be given on Saturday? That evening's programme contains a liberal choice of light fare for the Tired Business Man and other fatigued listeners; but the many musicians who are free on Saturday evenings find at present little of interest. Moreover, can five periods of fifteen or twenty minutes be regarded as ample for the presentation of some of the more important features?

One more suggestion. Too often the Foundations have been given with little or no preliminary information. Symphony concerts—even of familiar works—are often preceded by a broadcast talk. But the Foundations usually need such help far more. A ten-minute survey immediately before the opening performance of the week would be valuable.

Enormous pains and research must have been expended on the 'Five Year Plan'. The scheme will, beyond doubt, arouse great interest, and the interest will not be confined to this country. It is to be hoped that everything possible will be done, by preliminary talks, choice of hour, etc., to make it attractive and accessible to the largest possible number of listeners.

HARVEY GRACE

British Art—V

The Ways of English Painting

By R. M. Y. GLEADOWE

PAINTING is a special kind of drawing and flat decoration. So regarded, it reaches a high level in our illuminations of the eighth to the thirteenth centuries. It is on such small-scale but highly finished work that our early reputation as painters must rest. It is quite possible that our miniature painting was better, not worse, than that done on a larger scale. Till the end of the twelfth century at any rate our illumination seems to be a leading art influencing

though it has the lightness of the thirteenth century it has none of the maturity and accomplishment of its sculpture. We know that painting was done also at Winchester, St. Albans and Westminster. Native British painting does not seem to have followed the steps towards solid realism which early in the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries were taken by Giotto and the Van Eycks. Of English illuminations the earliest are the best. Winchester leads in the tenth and again in the twelfth century: next in the field are Canterbury, Westminster, Durham, Bury St. Edmunds and Salisbury. Already in the thirteenth century the rich life and decorative order seem to be going out of our illustrated books. The daintier, more wayward fashion of the fourteenth century suited the French better than the English. One or two highly finished panels of late in this century may be English: the fifteenth-century painted rood-screens of East Anglia are decorative; the wall-paintings at Eton and Winchester seem to be English work in the Flemish manner, with little of the grace and charm of earlier illuminations. Our genius for decorative miniature revives in Hilliard.

By the sixteenth century, painting in England meant no longer decoration but the making of likenesses: and patrons wanted chiefly likenesses of themselves, portraits. Something in English painters failed to master portraiture in the Van Eyck manner. That manner was introduced into England four generations later by the German Holbein, a contemporary of Michelangelo and Giorgione. The great Italians of the century before were unknown to the England of their age. Holbein is reactionary; but Hilliard (who wrote a treatise on his art) turned back even from him to a flatter, more linear, more heraldic style; characteristically, like Blake, rejecting the oil-technique perfected in the Low Countries for the exact imitation of appearances. This unprogressive conservatism, this preference for painting as flat decoration, lost to English painters for a century-and-a-half the mastery in their own house. For the demand was no longer for the patterned versions of familiar themes and symbols in an accepted vernacular, at which they had excelled, but for individual portraits of important persons, which had to be not only like but strong in tone and solid in modelling, real and impressive. Soon they had also to make the most of their subjects, by a rhetoric of gesture, attitude, expression, dress



Sketch of Mrs. Robinson ('Perdita') by Thomas Gainsborough (1727-1788)

Photographs: Topical Press

even sculpture and not derivative. Valiant attempts have been made of late to reconstruct an English school of mediæval painting from the few worn fragments still remaining on the walls of churches and chapels, and the still fewer but better preserved panel paintings. But the destruction of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the action of time, climate and restorers, have not left evidence enough: and in default of good examples there is a natural tendency to exaggerate the merits of the few that survive—mostly in poor condition. There is perhaps enough ground to surmise that our painters tended to a grace of swaying rhythms and unusual colour harmonies of green and brown and purple, rather than primary reds and blues.

The earliest fragments of wall paintings are of the twelfth century. The most attractive is a roundel, dated about 1230, in the Bishop's Palace at Chichester, the present colouring of which is as delicate as the drawing. The treatment is quite flat and



The Ladies Waldegrave, or 'The Lacemakers' by Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792)

and background, and to learn all the tricks of flattery required by rich and powerful patrons. Such tricks could best be learnt from foreigners who had already perfected them: and at such a business our native talent had little chance against the supreme accomplishment and taste of Van Dyck: a taste more

Many British painters have had to play truant to indulge in landscape their native sensibility—suppressed in the business of flattering the persons and property, and teaching the children, of their patrons. Wilson, who drew and painted an excellent head and had mastered the Roman way of landscape,

devoted himself to a more native landscape, and starved. Gainsborough painted landscape when he dared; but patiently kept to the 'face way' so as to pay for his parties and a coach for his wife. Constable painted some portraits for pleasure and some for pay: but, being able mostly to paint what he liked without regard to sales, painted for choice original landscape. Take him for all in all, Turner is the world's greatest landscape painter. He mastered first the facts and then the possible effects of European land and sea and sky, and all the western ways of making land-



Stonehenge (watercolour), by John Constable (1776—1837)

English than that of any other foreigner. Our Stuart portrait painters had to compete with Dutchmen or Italianate Flemings at a game of which they taught them not only the practice but the rules. It was not long before patrons and connoisseurs were drinking at Rome of the fountain of Catholic art, and falling easy victims to international dealers and professional experts.

Against all this British Hogarth very openly rebelled, and, in an age of sheeplike dilettanti, suffered accordingly. The few portraits he painted are masterpieces of pattern and character. But he could not bring himself to set up a factory for making society portraits. He was a born painter, very sensitive and skilful. Training as an engraver fostered his passion for abstract form, for the linear expression of solids: he thought of form as a sculptor does or an architect: so that line was to him

the means of defining shape, realised as a thin shell both from within and from without. The natural subject-matter for an English painter of his sensibility is landscape. But Hogarth's sensibility was also moral. He hated cruelty: and spent much of his life portraying the coarseness and brutality he hated with a delicacy of touch and colour more suited to the rendering of clouds and flowers.

He lived almost alone with nature, and in time his brush became a natural force and his wandering spirit a denizen of air and water. Crome, Cotman and Girtin lead the unnumbered ranks of British amateur painters of landscape. The best work of the true pre-Raphaelites is land-



The Needles (watercolour), by John Sell Cotman (1782—1842)

scape; and when English impressionism returned home from France it served again especially for landscape. Watercolour, our national medium, is, in China as in England, the medium of abstract landscape.

But not even Constable could live by landscape alone. In England in the eighteenth century it was portraiture—of men, women, children and animals—that paid; and the English gift for



The Archangel Michael foretelling the Crucifixion (water colour), by William Blake (1757-1827)

illustration for telling stories or making comments satirical, romantic or sentimental, in paint. Reynolds practised portraiture, but preached to his Academy a way of illustration as opposite to Blake's as north is to south. As this opposition, of which Blake was fully aware, typifies the unending war between two theories of art, it is tempting to agree with Blake that Reynolds was hired by Satan to depress art, unless we take more kindly to the view that Blake was only saved from Bedlam by his good nature. But the work of these two great men is not so wholly divorced as their theory. Both studied the designs of Italian artists, especially Michelangelo; Reynolds openly and of set purpose from the originals, Blake secretly, from prints—for learn from somebody he must. Both were charmed by an ideal of classical form which had little to do with their own experience, and nothing with Blake's intention. Both had a rare grace of line, and an inexhaustible command of varying rhythm. Blake never disentangled the native plain-song of his outlined imagination from the disturbing and irrelevant harmonies of classical anatomy and light and shade. And though Reynolds, to Blake's disgust, warned his pupils against individual character as a vulgar thing, over and over again the English honesty and charm of his portraits belie the intellectual coldness and cautious snobbery of his life and teaching. Reynolds made graceful pictures for windows at New College: Blake said he thought he could have designed windows for West-

minster Abbey. Remembering the one and imagining the other, we see the two men once more poles apart. Blake outlined, by 'guidance', his own imagination: Reynolds painted, by reason, the grandeur of other men's minds. Reynolds tried to make art respectable: it was enough for Blake that it should be divine.

Constable painted not by reason, or guidance, but, in all humility, by eye; first the leaves and grass, and then the wind and showers. And Gainsborough painted by eye not only what he saw but what he felt. He, too, is Reynolds' opposite—a landscape painter, bored with society and success, and painting his personal reaction to his sitters. He paints his daughters best, as Hogarth his servants, and McEvoy his friends. Hogarth, Gainsborough, McEvoy—these are more English than Reynolds or even Blake. Through them runs the authentic strain of fine calligraphy, of muted harmonies, of cool reticence, of intimacy, of delicate form and pearly colour.

It runs also through Rowlandson's brilliant comments on contemporary life: we miss it in well-named Stubbs and his brother sportsmen; though these are the John Bulls of painting. They have the knowing eye, the slow bucolic touch; the practical anatomist's (or butcher's) grasp of the too solid flesh, which lives again in Holman Hunt. We like them for the bluntness with which they hand us out the plain truth—take it or leave it—refusing to gild the pill with the irrelevant grace of pattern. We miss it in Etty's academic studies: there is more of it in Frith's pretty sentiment. There is a touch of it in Dorset Stevens; Italian Stevens is hot and dusty and confused.

The impressive spiritual achievement of the true pre-Raphaelites is outside the English tradition. Their concern was a special kind of likeness used for the dramatisation of ideas: and the perfection of a new technique. Since then British painters have been told to learn from France first one and then another way of seeing, feeling and painting: but



The Hireling Shepherd, by William Holman Hunt (1827-1910)

Photographs: Topical Press

some have learned rather from their own vision and the example of Blake or Gainsborough or others of their countrymen.

Messrs. Faber have issued a translation of the letter in French, *L'Histoire de Ma Mort*, which Lauro de Bosis wrote before he set out on his flight over Rome in October, 1931. The present volume, *The Story of My Death* (price 3s. 6d.) also contains a translation, and the French and Italian texts, of the anti-Fascist leaflets dropped over Rome.

The Churches in National Life—I

The Christian Church in England Today

By the Rev. F. E. HUTCHINSON

The Rev. F. E. Hutchinson is Chaplain of All Souls College and Secretary to the Delegacy for Extramural Studies, Oxford University

THE first broad distinction between this generation and most that have gone before it, is that the social and political importance of the Christian Church (in its widest sense) has declined. This is true at least of the outward tokens—the habit of worship, the drawing power of the pulpit, the attention paid to the pronouncements of the organised Church. Much of the Christian spirit, perhaps as much as in any age, still permeates our civilisation, but it is less explicitly Christian. We can no longer take for granted that the majority of English people make any Christian profession; it is not only Christian faith which has receded from many men's minds, but also Christian moral standards and Christian motives of conduct. There is little hostility but much indifference, and indifference is more discouraging than open hostility. The Christian Church in England has faced the east wind before and survived.

It is told of Bishop Butler that when, nearly 200 years ago, he was offered the archbishopric of Canterbury, he declined on the ground that 'it was too late to try to support a falling church'. Yet already John Wesley had begun his apostolic mission, and later were to follow the Evangelical revival and the Oxford Movement, and in the nineteenth century the notable advance of Nonconformity and of the Roman Catholic Church. A French historian, M. Halévy, who has written the fullest and most recent *History of the English People*, is surprised at the hold which religion had upon the English people at the beginning of the nineteenth century. That hold has hardly been maintained, and for this there are many unmistakable causes—the difficulty of adjusting traditional faith to new knowledge, whether scientific or historical, the belief in an infallible Bible becoming, for most people, no longer tenable, the failure of the pulpit to keep pace with the rising intelligence and knowledge of a better educated people, the ineffectiveness of the Church in securing the redress of social injustices, the sheer variety and distractions of modern life.

Church Supremacy in the Middle Ages

So far I have dealt with what is familiar enough, but there is another consideration far less familiar, except to readers of history. The whole scope and function of the Church are differently conceived in the modern world; there is a remarkable shrinkage. I can best illustrate by contrasting the modern conception with that which prevailed at the height of the Middle Ages, before the Renaissance secularised the State, and before the Reformation broke up the unity of the Church. The English Church was once coterminous with the English people; every man was both a citizen and a churchman. At far more points than today the Church controlled the everyday life of the people. It had the sole control of education, and almost a monopoly of learned men, who were needed for the professions and for the King's service. The Church had its own law-courts, before which any man might be summoned, and its own code of law; such matters affecting ordinary life as marriage and wills were its concern. The care of the sick and the poor and such other social services as then existed were promoted and administered by the Church. It also attempted, however ineffectively, to prescribe, on moral and Scriptural grounds, the social and economic ordering of life: it had its teaching about the just price and the just wage, and it condemned the practice of usury. To borrow a phrase from Dr. Tawney's book, *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*: 'Religion was the keystone which held together the whole social edifice'. The Catholic Church, still unchallenged and confronted by few open rebels, seemed to give a unity, an accepted background, to all men's thought and action. The actual fell very far short of the ideal, but at least the ideal was generously conceived, and nothing since has effectively taken its place. It was even desirable, most of us would think, that the State should take over much that the Church had inaugurated, especially when the nation was no longer religiously united, but the Church, both in this country

and others, went too far in abdicating its moral leadership. The new industrial order was suffered to grow up uncriticised, shaping itself by what was said to be economically necessary, rather than by moral and Christian principle. Religion was still 'privately and individually vital, but publicly indifferent'. I remember a caustic comment on the vast change I have been describing: 'I can admire, though I do not believe in, the mediæval church in its attempt to guide the whole of the social order; even if it failed, it was aiming at something worth aiming at; but the church of today exists only to provide services for those who like them'. I do not accept the description; it is plainly defective, but there is enough truth in it to give colour to the charge: 'Religion is for Sundays; for the rest of the week business is business'. That has never been true of the best Christians: men like William Wilberforce and Lord Shaftesbury, Kingsley and Maurice, brought their Christian faith and their Christian moral sense to bear upon great public and social issues. But they never had the full corporate support of the Church behind them. It despaired too easily of Christianising the social relationships between man and man, employer and employee, class and class, nation and nation.

Witness to the Eternal Values

There has been some recovery from this neglect of the social conscience, and I hope to deal with it next week, but here I must confine myself to the unquestioned sphere of the Church's activity—its ministry to its own members. It must bear perpetual and unswerving witness to the eternal values, to the reality of the unseen world and to the supremacy of the spiritual over the material; it must seek to commend its message reasonably to men of honest mind and unstrained conscience, and therefore the Church must learn as well as teach; in upholding by precept and example a pure, unselfish and disciplined way of living, it must encourage its members to make full use of all the means of grace—the diligent reading of the Scriptures, the habit of prayer, the inspiration of common worship, the sacraments. This is, after all, no narrow or unimportant field; it may well engage the full energy of devoted men and women. What, then, are the opportunities for such work in England today? First—and it is a great gain—there is complete freedom of worship and of religious association. The element of compulsion, always in the end mischievous, is gone. Membership of any church today is voluntary, and does not involve any social or political disabilities or advantages; it is therefore likely to be, and it is actually, more sincere, less conventional, meaning more and carrying more responsibilities. Next, the religious provision is not only various, as a natural consequence of freedom, but it is fairly adequate in quantity, save for the difficulty of keeping pace with the growth of population in new districts.

I speak first of the Church of England, because its opportunities and its consequent responsibilities are greatest. Its privileges have been fast disappearing, and personally I do not regret their going. But the Church of England has one unique opportunity: it is represented throughout the length and breadth of this country by its parochial system; virtually every household is in an ecclesiastical parish, and has a claim on the ministry of its incumbent. Archbishop Davidson described that ministry thus:

The English parish priest is appointed to serve, not a congregation, but a parish; he is set with a quite peculiar commission as the 'parson', the representative man in that definite bit of English territory, in order that, according to the Elizabethan words, he may 'therein occupy every opportunity of doing good'.

It would be idle to pretend that this great chance is fully used, but the position is still one of sufficient usefulness to draw into the service men of real devotion and zeal, who can find in it full scope for all that they have to give to their fellowmen.

It is probable that at no time have the clergy been more conscientious, freer from place-hunting and idleness, more

Christian in their own lives, even if the effectiveness of the work has been more conspicuous in other times. There are indeed misfits, some of which are due to defects in the system of church patronage, though recent legislation has given the parishioners some protection against a clergyman being imposed upon them who is not to their mind.

The Church of England has certain characteristics which reflect and represent the English mind and habit. Throughout its separate history it has aimed at being comprehensive within very wide doctrinal limits; it has sought to be the spiritual home both of those whom we may for convenience call Catholic-minded and of those who are Protestant-minded. There have always been in every generation representative churchmen who might be said to be in the High Church, Low Church or Broad Church traditions; but the balance has not been the same in the successive generations. Although each school of thought has naturally sought to prevail, it has seldom sought to evict the rival schools. Again, the Anglican Church has officially always been slow to define beyond necessity, and still slower to exclude; it has allowed a large liberty of interpretation of its formularies both to its clergy and to its lay-members. It has recognised and encouraged the responsibility of the individual conscience, and has had respect for learning. By avoiding any rigid definition of what it means by the inspiration of Scripture, it has been more possible for its clergy to move gradually, and without disloyalty, to a more modern and critical view of the Bible. There are risks and disadvantages in this freedom and variety of teaching, but it has on the whole corresponded with the English spirit of wide tolerance. The Church of England has secured the loyal adherence and service of men of such different theological outlook as Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton and the late Lord Halifax, Charles Simeon, John Keble and Frederick Denison Maurice. A hundred years ago in the preface to *The Christian Year* Keble wrote:

Next to a sound rule of faith, there is nothing of so much consequence as a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion: and it is the peculiar happiness of the Church of England to possess, in her authorised formularies, an ample and secure provision for both.

This sobriety and freedom from emotionalism, this constant concern for a certain seemliness and restraint in public worship, has seldom been lost, and this middle way has appealed to men and women of very different temperaments, though not indeed to all. It was an early Puritan objection to the terse, restrained prayers of the Church: 'The Church casteth forth her ice like morsels: who is able to abide her frost?'

Towards Union in the Free Churches

The Englishman has commonly been thought markedly individualist, and it is therefore no surprise that the oldest Dissenting community was known first as the Independents, later as Congregationalists, a leading feature of their polity being that each single gathered congregation was largely a law to itself. It is no longer fair to complain of 'the dissidence of dissent'; the ranks have been closing fast, and co-operation and fusion are replacing competition. Instead of stressing the fact of there having been 200 or more separate sects listed in the earlier issues of *Whitaker's Almanack*, it is more to the point now to notice that the vast bulk of English Nonconformity is found in a few outstanding denominations—the Methodists (now almost entirely fused in one church), the Congregationalists, the Baptists and the Presbyterian Church of England, and in Wales the Calvinistic Methodist Church. Besides these larger bodies, there are a few which, though small in numbers, are influential: the Society of Friends, honourably known among all men for their consistent witness and their humanitarian efforts; the Unitarians, often intellectually distinguished; and the Salvation Army, almost as well known for their social as for their evangelistic work. In common with the Anglican Church, the Free Churches have suffered some decline in church membership and in the numbers attending their Sunday schools, but no one who takes stock of the religious life of England today can fail to recognise the courage and faith which continue to animate both ministers and people in the Free Churches in the face of unfavourable circumstances.

The passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill in 1829 was a very tardy act of justice; Roman Catholics had been excluded

from the benefits of the Toleration Act a century earlier, and they laboured under heavy disabilities throughout the eighteenth century. Many Roman Catholics quietly maintained their faith, avoiding needless publicity in times which witnessed such outbursts as the Lord George Gordon riots; they could only wait for more favourable times when they or their successors could propagate their faith under the protection of the law. The old deep-rooted antipathy to Rome was liable to be stirred by any forward movement, even as late as the middle of last century, when the assumption by Roman Catholic bishops of English diocesan titles produced a storm. But the storm passed over; Cardinal Wiseman was an astute leader of the advance, and the Church received many recruits with gifts of leadership and intellectual ability in the wake of the Oxford Movement. The progress was marked by the building of many churches, including Westminster Cathedral, to be followed by the beginning of a vast cathedral at Liverpool. In an age perplexed by the break-up of many established ways and moral sanctions and by the intellectual confusion following upon the inroad of new knowledge, the firm stand of the Roman Catholic Church on authority has had an evident attraction. It claims today in England and Wales little short of two millions and a quarter, not very far behind the Methodists, the largest of the Free Churches; and its discipline secures that a high percentage of its members fulfil their church obligations.

The Real Place of Religion in Human Life

Some forty years ago Mr. Charles Booth, a member of the ship-owning family, engaged on an extensive enquiry which resulted in his publishing 17 volumes under the title *Life and Labour of the People of London*: he devoted no less than seven volumes to 'Religious Influences'. This survey made it abundantly clear that the religious influences, though substantial, were comparatively little reflected in the statistics of church attendance, which were on the whole disappointing; nor would a similar enquiry today be any more satisfactory. There are, as there have always been, in some places large and devoted congregations, but there are also signs of flagging interest in institutional religion, not only in London but in the country at large. Yet, even if the churches are less well attended than a generation ago, the interest in religion is probably not less than it was. The newspapers, which (we may presume) know what the public wants, give as much attention as ever to religious topics. Philosophers and men of science are readier to recognise the place of religion in human life, even when they do not themselves subscribe to any creed. Probably most men would agree with Robert Bridges' words:

Spirituality is the basis and foundation of human life. It must underlie everything. Man is a spiritual being, and the proper work of his mind is to interpret the world according to his higher nature, and to conquer the material aspects of the world so as to bring them into subjection to the spirit.

Migration

Ten hundred drums make roll, behind the hills,
Forward, for a war of wind—
the first breath
driving the pinesmells.

Close battling in topmasts, and thin
Tray-crash of metalfoil, shiver and bend—
the first blow
thudding the heath.

Roots clenched in fear, this herd will never stampede
But shudder and whimper as
a thousand needles spill
to the sunk plinth beneath.

In the new temperature,
And through the ensuing darkness, the stars being blind,
Whispering, in formation come
the red ants
and the black ants
and the white ants.

HUGH GORDON PORTEUS

Following the Prince's Lead

By A. C. RICHMOND

The Deputy-Secretary of the National Council of Social Service discusses how to put into practical effect the suggestions made by the Prince of Wales in his recent broadcast talk

IN the Prince of Wales' recent broadcast, he suggested that occupation centres for the unemployed are not enough; but that they should be carried a stage further and organised as proper clubs. Now what really does that mean? What is the difference between a centre and a club? A centre is a make-shift affair intended first to meet a passing need and then to cease to be, whereas a club is intended to go on meeting the needs of the members indefinitely. And it is a place with a real social life of its own, with a definite sense of fellowship among its members. If you want to attract members to a club you must make it worth while to join and you must make the club itself as attractive and pleasant a place to be in as you can. And in trying to make your centre into a permanent club you must look forward to the moment when your members will be normally in full-time employment—able, it is true, to use the club in the day time if they become temporarily unemployed, but generally using it only in the evening.

Form as many Committees as you possibly can, so as to spread the work of organisation over as many members as possible. You need a Managing Committee; then you want a Committee to work out a plan for the handicrafts you ought to provide for. There are different kinds of handicrafts, in wood, in metal, and in cloth, and there are bits of apparatus that can be made like simple looms for weaving which that Committee will have to find out about. Then you need a keep-fit Committee, to arrange organised games, physical exercise, lectures on how to keep fit, rambles and country walks, boxing and single stick; and a Lectures Committee to arrange lectures and find lecturers. Your Lectures Committee had better get busy at once and find out all the people in your town—doctors, lawyers, officials, business men, men with hobbies—who are ready to come and talk if your Committee asks them. Then you want a Music and Dramatic Committee. The sooner you start a Choral Society the better. Most people like trying to sing: most people can sing if they have the proper person to show them how to do it. And the sooner you get a dramatic group going the better, too, for that gives lots of people something to do. Many county libraries supply sets of copies of plays which you might be able to borrow. Perhaps there is a branch of the Workers' Education Association in your town. If so, your Committee might get into touch with them and ask them if they can help you to form a play-reading group, suggest plays to read and help to get the books.

You must have a Library in your Club. Why not ask your County Library to help you to get books? Probably the editor of your local paper would be quite ready to invite people to give books to your club, but then you would have to get your workshop to make shelves and have someone to take charge of the books, give them out at regular times, and see that they are returned.

More and more clubs are opening a Women's Section. The members generally start with making and repairing clothes and bedding, and go from that to other kinds of craft work, and arrange talks on cookery, home nursing, child welfare, and so on. The women ought to have a room of their own, and if you cannot yet give one up for their exclusive use, why not arrange for them to have the use of the clubs one or two evenings a week? There are many things, too, on which men and women can work together. Every club ought to have its own canteen.

Have any of your members gardens or allotments? If so, there is plenty of work to be done by the club for that particular group of members. They will want frames to grow seedlings in, they may want poultry houses and barrows—all these can be made in the club workshop. Many allotment societies are now building one big hut for a group of allotment holders where each man can have his own locker, where they can take shelter in bad weather and where their wives and children can come in summer and have a cup of tea. The Society of Friends is making grants towards the cost of the material for huts of this kind, and if they can be made in the club workshop the total cost is not very large. Perhaps you can arrange for your canteen to get vegetables grown on these allotments.

There are several places in the country where a special study is being made of what can be done in clubs and how best to do

it. One is at Kingstanding, near Burton-on-Trent, where men can go and stay for two or three weeks and spend their time with others learning about handicrafts, and how best to organise a club and arrange its activities; and there is another for women at The Beeches, Bournville, Birmingham.*

The things I have been talking about need not cost a great deal of money. Many people would be only too glad to come and give you talks on things they know about without wanting payment. Some of the members of your club, too, may be able to talk about their job or their hobbies for the benefit of the other members. But for some things you may have to have teachers who cannot afford to come and give their services for nothing, and then the best thing you can do is to try, first of all, to get your Education Authority to help you. Many Education Authorities are already supplying teachers for occupation centres and clubs, teachers in handicrafts, and teachers of physical education, and very probably yours will if you ask them. Then the W.E.A. and the Adult Schools Union of the Y.M.C.A. may be able to help. The National Federation of Women's Institutes, too, have a number of trained teachers in handicrafts, and they may be able to come and show your members what kind of things they could make if they want to.

Remember, too, what the Prince said, and break your problem of raising money into little bits. These clubs are new things and we want a new method of financing them. You will, of course, have your members' subscriptions. If you have members who are employed, they will pay rather more than those who are unemployed. Quite a number of towns have got different groups of people each to start a fund for helping the club. In Liverpool, for example, they have got a good many clubs, and there the drapers of the town have decided to support one of them, the Chartered Accounts to support another, the staff of the Inland Revenue office a third, the staff of the Banks a fourth, the steamship owners a fifth, and so on. Have you not got groups of people in your town each member of which might contribute a penny or twopence a week to a central fund? Have you not got any shops, for instance, with a staff who would not miss a penny or twopence, or even more, each week? Have you got no professional people, doctors or lawyers, who might be willing each to pay a few pence a week? Have you no firms or industries whose employees would be willing to do this? Have a look round and see. The Prince made a great point, you will remember, of not confining the clubs to unemployed people, and here is a chance of bringing in other people—men and women who follow many different callings—who can join in common activities, as well as provide a new way of financing the club.

Remember that we have not got nearly enough clubs yet, and if the number is to be increased and more opportunities given to men who are out of work to do things that make them feel that they have an interest in life again, you must try and get everybody in the town interested in the work of their club. It is still too often the case that few people in the town know what is going on or realise how they could help in developing and extending it. Look at your own town; what proportion of those who are out of work attend your centre—or all the centres together? Probably not more than one-tenth. The only way to improve this is to get more people interested. Make your own Centre as good a place as you can. It means hard work, but it is worth it. Make it a place it is a real privilege to come to, and try to get people to come and see what you are doing and to lend a hand. Once people come and take part in the life of the club they will get interested and want to do more.

The papers say that industrial conditions are improving: we hear that many thousands more men have returned to work and prospects are brighter all round. All that is something to be intensely grateful for, but in spite of it all there are still over two million men in insured trades out of work, and there are many more out of work who are not in insured trades. It will be a long time before all of them are reabsorbed into employment, and some of them, as you know, never will be. So is it not worth while to try and see that all of these have the fellowship and friendliness, the encouragement and the help that a club can give them?

*Further information can be obtained from the National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

*The Weather House—VI**Rivers of Air*

By R. A. WATSON WATT

Broadcast on Wednesday, February 7

I HAVE changed my subject, scrapped my syllabus, thrown away my thunderbolts—because a very important international question has arisen and demands an immediate answer. It's this: 'Why was Dundee warmer than Dungeness?'

You are probably as tired as I am of being told that we spend our lives crawling about at the bottom of an ocean of air. It is the great merit of the Norwegians that they have got an improved version of that story: they make us crawl about at the bottom of rivers of air. These rivers rather tend to keep themselves to themselves, but they change their course so that at one time we are in a river flowing from Polar regions, at another in one from the Tropics. And the air rivers remember their sources; they are cold and clear and dry if they come straight from the Arctic, warm and moist and cloudy if from the Tropics. When they come into conflict, as we saw last week, we get a depression, a disturbance, a low-pressure system.

Last week at this time Dundee was having weather very like that of Dungeness—both had northerly winds, yet both were quite warm. Why this? Both were bathed in the same river of air, no battle-fronts were about, so they were similarly situated. But why warm in a north wind? Because that wind was a river that had made a tremendous bend in its course. The air had come from the Tropics, over the Atlantic, as a mild, south-west current; it kept warm because it flowed almost along the Gulf Stream, so that it hadn't to give up heat to the water—it picked up moisture as it flowed over the ocean. But when it got to Iceland this river turned eastward, then southward round a high-pressure area off Ireland, of which you have heard, as an anti-cyclone in the week's weather reports. So the air came really from the Tropics, warm and moist, but pretended to come from the Poles by making itself into a north wind quite late in its flow.

I don't know if you had heard that Spain had a fine warm day last Wednesday, but towards evening the wind there went a little east of north, after having been more westerly. We shall see shortly what that meant. About midnight on Wednesday evening a new river of colder air flowing down from Norway got into argument with the warm river and produced squall showers over Scotland. This illustrates something I said last week: the moisture was all there, in the river of tropical air, which it picked up from the Atlantic; but it didn't come down as rain until a colder current cut underneath the warm, moist air, and forced that upwards.

By seven on Thursday morning, cold air from the wintry Continent of Europe was flowing as a river of north-north-easterly wind over the Dungeness area. Dundee was still in the warm river, and Iceland—in that same tropical stream—was actually the warmest place in Europe then. It showed 54 degree F., while Morocco was very nearly freezing.

Mid-day Thursday found Dundee still at 44 degrees F. in the Atlantic air, Dungeness at 38 degrees in the Scandinavian air, which was, however, somewhat tempered by heat stolen from the heat-storage tank of the North Sea. This Scandinavian river was now flowing fast, giving a north-easterly gale at Yarmouth. Thursday evening showed Iceland still at 55 degrees. Dundee had had a fine day without much cloud because the warm air river was not merely flowing on: it was broadening. There was air divergence at the surface, so more air was coming down from aloft.

You know that rising moist air means cloud and rain, but the opposite also holds: descending air is heated by the compression and is, therefore, getting drier, so it 'mops up' clouds and leaves blue sky. Dungeness was shivering in its cold air at a little above freezing point in a strong north-easter. And as for the Sunny South, the Rhone Valley had snow and five or eight degrees of frost.

On Friday Spain was in a river which had followed another rather misleading course. After flowing over the snow-covered lands of Central and Eastern Europe—a very effective cold-storage tank—this river of refrigerated air turned westward somewhere in the Balkans, ran along by the snowy Alps, and

poured over shivering Spain. There was an incidental example of how good the tempering influence of the sea can be. Bordeaux was also in the cold air; a ship only a hundred miles out in the Bay got the same air, but heated by 10 degrees F. on that short sea route.

Coming back to Britain, we find the Midlands having fog and drizzle on Friday at mid-day, because the wedge of warm air still covering the northern districts was there mixing gently with the cold air that covered the south; Dungeness was down below freezing in the early evening. But it wasn't exceptionally uncomfortable. Nice was freezing, and a snowy mistral was blowing down the Rhone Valley.

I don't know if any one of you remember last Saturday in London. I used on it all the adjectives I had left over from the fog of the Wednesday before. The battle-front, where the warm moist air (which still covered Scotland with a warm blanket of cloud) was climbing over the cold air of the south, was not practically over London; the fight gave drizzle and fog, but the cold air added the joy of a nearly freezing temperature. Was it a comfort to know that the Riviera had a 50-mile-an-hour gale and 30 degrees F.?

Sunday we shall call a *dies non* for present purposes. On Monday morning Dundee had lost its cloud blanket by the 'descending air' process which I have just mentioned; it had blue sky; it indulged—Scotch as it was—in an orgy of spendthrift radiation, and got down near freezing. By noon a new surge of warm air north of Scotland threatened a repetition of the events which had led up to Saturday's weather, but the forecasters decided, correctly, that it would not travel south.

And the last events of the week which I have to account for are the changes which made yesterday in London the first day of Spring, with a slight relapse today. I needn't really explain, because yesterday's blue sky was another product of the descending air which had given Dundee some blue sky on Monday. The best evidence of this descending air was the aeroplane observation of extremely warm and extremely dry air—50 degrees and 21 per cent. relative humidity at 3,500 feet, as against 31 degrees and 95 per cent. relative humidity at the ground.

And today that very persistent river of warm moist air from the Atlantic was again in charge of eastern districts, and its descent was clearing the sky in the evening. May I add that this morning round Paris was calm and serene above, with radiation fog below?

In his broadcast appeal for the Indian Earthquake Fund on February 6, the Lord Mayor quoted the review of the situation as described by the Governor of Bihar: 'Twelve towns of population between 10,000 and 60,000 have been wrecked; the people are now sleeping out in camps. It will convey some idea of the extent if I say that the area of greatest destruction described above is as large as the whole of Scotland and supports five times the population. The mills are all destroyed just at the beginning of the crushing season and the sugar cane won't keep. In one congested bazaar in Monghyr the ruin was so complete that for days it was impossible to see where the lines of the street had been amid acres of destroyed houses. Soldiers who have flown over Bihar liken it to a battlefield. Over a large area land has been spoiled by fountains of water and sludge forced up out of the earth. There is the further danger from flooding, which at the present time is not calculable. Embanked roads are found to be now reduced to the level of the surrounding country; old waterways aren't functioning, and streams have changed their course. Even now, eighteen days after the catastrophe, the outside world has little conception of the appalling magnitude of the earthquake, as is shown in a statement issued in India; but the earthquake is now known to have been one of the greatest of which human records exist. A general survey of the situation makes it perfectly clear that North Bihar has suffered one of the greatest natural calamities in human history'. This, the Lord Mayor added, is the third catastrophe that has overtaken some of these districts in little more than a year; and he ended by appealing for a tangible gesture of sympathy from Britain to India in her disaster.

'Lift' Clouds

These clouds are produced when moist air is drawn rapidly upwards



Cumulus (large)—ordinary lift



Cumulo-nimbus—express lift

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns

'The King's Tryall'

The attempt on February 1 to convey on the wireless the Trial of King Charles the First might have resulted in a splendid and dignified impression of a tragic clash of irreconcilable principles. Instead, it was largely a misused opportunity, and except for the speeches of Charles and Bradshaw, which seem to have been reproduced with tolerable correctness, its episodes will not bear examination. It was largely a dishing up of Restoration fiction in its most libellous form, and it was evidently based on Mr. Muddiman's book which reproduces with touching faith every journalistic falsehood of 1649 and every lie told by men on their trial in 1660, with the gallows and knife ahead of them if they could not persuade their judges that they had been all the time on the King's side.

In all the following points the wireless presentation falsified the facts or the high probabilities: (1) Hugh Peters, 'a debauched man and a friend of Cromwell's'. Cromwell did not have debauched men among his friends and no debauched man could have acted as chaplain to the New Model Army. The debauchery was Restoration slander, as Gardiner pretty well proves (*Great Civil War*, Vol. II, pp. 321-6). Peters was an eloquent, and on the whole a tolerant and humane man. (2) The branding of Lady Anne de Lille by Colonel Hewson. This is not even Restoration slander, it is Plague Year slander; no one ever heard of the episode before, though it occurred in the open court of Westminster Hall and in the presence of hundreds of decent English people and caused the King to commiserate with her as he saw her flesh smoke and her hair burn. Its falsity lies on its very face. Who heated up, in two seconds apparently, the branding irons; or did Colonel Hewson keep a supply of them ready like a lion-trainer? The truth appears to be that a little before the Plague (which carried her off) Lady de Lille in poverty and debt invented this pretty story in order to raise funds. (3) Colonel Hewson's spitting on the King. It is just possible that some of the soldiers did this, but the evidence against Colonel Hewson is, I think, worthless; royalist journalism, like most other journalism in those exciting days, must be taken with a grain of salt. (4) Less abominable than some of the above but just as untrustworthy is the Downes episode. Downes was one of the King's judges and eleven years afterwards was brought to trial. In imminent fear of the rope and the knife he tried to escape by asserting that he took the King's side and argued with Cromwell.

This deliberate weighting of the scales on one side can only cause a similar weighting on the other, and a reminder that the Saintly King had himself been an advocate of torture, had driven one of the most patient and law abiding peoples in the world into civil war, and during the three years previous to his death had played fast and loose with men who were only too anxious to come to terms with him. The laboured emphasis in 'The King's Tryall' on the 'illegality' of the whole procedure was really superfluous. Civil War is the negation of legality and almost always results, for a time, in minority rule.

Chingford

F. H. HAYWARD

Whither Britain?

Of all the series of talks broadcast by the B.B.C., I think that 'Whither Britain?' has caused the greatest amount of discussion among my colleagues. They are agreed that Mr. Bevin has stated most cogently what is uppermost in their thoughts. The majority of schoolmasters are deeply concerned with the material welfare of the children, and the present economic distress is having a disastrous effect on body and mind alike. I would ask your readers to compare Mr. Churchill's statement 'We breed a type of young man nursed in freedom, intelligent and keen eyed', with Mr. Bevin's statement that in the industrial north 68 per cent. of Army recruits failed to reach the required standard. There is a growing impoverishment of the younger generation and our statesmen have not yet apparently wakened up to that fact.

We are looking forward to the remaining talks with the greatest of pleasure.

Wallasey

W. HARDING

Certain ideas of Mr. E. Bevin's will not, in my opinion, lead Britain very far in any but the wrong direction. He has 'no confidence in the superman', because 'the limitations of supposedly great men are obvious'. This, of course, is true; but surely it does not follow that there is no such thing as greatness, that no truly great men exist, and therefore that we should follow the little men. Their limitations are still more obvious. Who can believe that 'the understanding of working people . . . confounds the wisdom of the so-called great'—except where the latter are falsely so-called? Any examination in any subject will reveal the difference between wisdom and folly.

Mr. Bevin further pleads for 'the right of the masses to the best possible chances that life can give' in education. This democratic doctrine is a plausible half-truth. I should say that any person has the right to the best possible chances that he is capable of utilising.

Bradford

JOSEPH K. HAMMOND

Mr. Churchill says 'you will find no land where thought and action are so free . . .'; that 'we ought to put our defences into such a state that we can, if we choose, live our own life in our own way'. A more fundamental and more important point, surely, is: ought we to choose to live our own life in our own way, regardless of the rest of the world, and is it even a possibility to live in this way? Ought we to have freedom of thought and action and tolerance of ideas concerning the distribution of the fruits of the earth? We do not allow freedom of thought and action concerning the taking away of another man's goods; why, then, should we tolerate freedom of thought and action when we parcel out the world's products in exchange for a man's labour? By all means let us have freedom of thought and action in the matter of values, but not in economy.

Again, Mr. Churchill says, 'You don't want "a new world order" to clear them [slums] out'. I suggest that that is exactly what you do want. Slums exist because, directly or indirectly, they increase private profit. Remove the possibility of private profit, and the desire for it will cease, and with that the slums will cease also. In a world guided by the precept 'love thy neighbour as thyself', there would be no slums.

Clearbrook

JOHN CASE

Mr. Chesterton and the Cinema

In one of his recent whimsicalities, 'Seven Days' Hard', Mr. Chesterton warns us that our civilisation is doomed unless it can rediscover the Joy of Life. Would it be impertinent to ask, however, what possible chance millions of Londoners have of becoming acquainted with the sort of life that Mr. Chesterton pleads for? When the speculative builder has been allowed to complete his fell work of obliteration and defacement, the only hills and sunsets we shall be able to contemplate will be—on the cinema screen.

London, S.E.18

M. J. GODFREY

Six miles from a cinema means six miles from electric light, six miles from water supply, civilisation and human intercourse. Of late years the word cinema seems to upset everyone, not only Mr. Chesterton. I do not happen to attend the cinema myself, but I feel that is no reason for running it down and making it a club to beat everyone who does not wish to live removed from the amenities of life.

Hendon

EDITH BUSHELL

'Recent Poetry'

I find myself in the unusual position of being provoked to write to THE LISTENER, and experience for once the reactions of which I have often been a cause. Your reviewer of Mrs. Monro's anthology, *Recent Poetry*, in your issue of February 7, quotes a verse from a poem of mine and describes it as shockingly sentimental. The fact is, it was meant to be shockingly sentimental. The poem in question is a satirical one, as sufficiently indicated by its title and contents, but your reviewer seems to have read it so superficially that its intention has completely escaped him. I know that in the daily Press (and not only there) reviewers expect poems to be as easily read as the headlines on

the news page; but one had hoped that the reviewers in *THE LISTENER* were different.

London, N.W. 3

HERBERT READ

Paul Klee

In a letter to *THE LISTENER* of January 24, Mr. Foggie suggests that the productions of Paul Klee and of other 'advanced' painters whose work he dislikes, should not be called Art and thus brought under the same category as the productions of the revered Giotto. Mr. Foggie is voicing one of the weirdest popular fantasies, best described perhaps as the identification of art with the Old Master Style, or rather, the Old Master Touch which, in truth, can be applied to many styles, and is applied with great success by fakers who gauge the variations in this popular fantasy with exactitude. A little while back (from the faker's point of view) art had to possess the elusiveness of a Leonardo, the monumental murkiness of an Andrea del Sarto, as well as the mellow dining-room tawiness of a Titian. Today, art (from the faker's point of view) though still as a rule faithfully European, is often characterised instead by the fine smooth foreheads and pure lines and colours of Giotto. Tomorrow, curiously enough, art (such a grand serious thing is art) will be characterised by the calligraphic scrabbings of a Paul Klee, something that will give a tone to the industrial drawing-rooms of the future.

I suggest to Mr. Foggie that instead of finding a new category to cover the productions of Klee, he, Mr. Foggie, should find a new word for art itself. This search may reveal a lot to him: it may happen that the best substitute word he can find is 'Emblem'. Emblem of what? Of life, of life in a particular age, under particular conditions. And then it may occur to him that if Giotto was an artist, then the man who conceives Emblem today in the manner of Giotto or Reynolds, or even Manet, is probably not an artist at all.

London, W.2

ADRIAN STOKES

Mr. Herbert Read, in his article on Paul Klee in *THE LISTENER* of January 17, makes the amazing statement that the distinction between an artist and a craftsman is meaningless. Surely an artist must be a creator of that one essential for any true work of art; a new rhythm or a new variation of a rhythm already known. There are plenty of worthy school painters and plagiarists who are magnificent craftsmen, but because they lack that creative power, that very rare quality which we call genius, can never be artists.

Further, will Mr. Read kindly tell your bewildered readers what comprises the artistic or other value of the 'Landscape' illustrating his article. This claims to be a landscape, not a mere mural decoration, and therefore should have some descriptive quality interpreted in terms of rhythm. But to my untutored eye, here is no discernible composition, no rhythm; new or otherwise, nothing described and not even the saving grace of skilled craftsmanship. Is this really a great work of art, and if so, why?

London, W.5

R. H. CONRAN

Modern Art

In your editorial on Modern Art in *THE LISTENER* of January 24, you state that the British public is becoming more interested in art. If this is correct, one assumes that besides showing interest in the work of the old masters and traditional art this public will desire to see a certain proportion of contemporary and 'advanced' art, if only to disagree with it; and no doubt greater satisfaction will be obtained from this disagreement if the work in question is English. Unfortunately it seems that in the time to come there will be very little opportunity to see any English art, 'advanced' or otherwise, for the potential providers of it are meeting with a great deal of opposition from their teachers in various art schools. You may or may not be aware of the Association of Students' Sketch Clubs Exhibition now on at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, but perhaps you will be amused to know why the Sketch Club of one art school is not fully represented this year, although it has been fairly prominent there in other years. It is necessary to explain that this school is composed of two sections; in one, printing trades processes are taught; the other is an art school proper, under the directorship of a qualified supervisor, with a staff of instructors (A.R.C.A., R.O.I., etc.), but the Principal of the entire school is the head of its technical section, and a layman in art. The senior students, who up to the present have run the school's Sketch Club, worked hard on paintings for the above exhibition,

because, for these who in the day earn their livings at commercial art, it presents an opportunity, almost the only one, to make public their expressions in the finer forms of art. Therefore they were keenly disappointed when the art staff of the school severely censured and rejected the paintings which were submitted for approval before being sent on to Whitechapel. Even the lay opinion of the Principal was brought in, and he promptly banned the lot, because, it is gathered, he did not understand them! When asked for an explanation of this censorship, the art supervisor sarcastically told the students that he and the art staff felt incompetent to judge the submitted works because they were too 'advanced'. In these circumstances the students concerned felt obliged by their principles to withdraw all their works and resign from the Sketch Club, although they had received awards at previous A.S.S.C. Exhibitions, and had been individually mentioned in the Press. I trust you will publish this account, for in a way it draws attention to the present antagonism of most art teachers to contemporary art. In the above-stated school the names and works of modern artists are mentioned only to be attacked, sneered at and made the objects of cheap jokes by the art staff. Even an abstract painting by a senior student has been labelled 'The Loch Ness Monster' by the supervisor, much to the amusement of impressionable juniors. How can English artists build up an English Art Renaissance when they are compelled, whilst students, to submit to their teachers' deliberate ignorance and lack of sympathy with the new movements in art?

London, E. 9

RIC LEWIS

With the object of furthering my studies in Modern Art, stimulated by the pictures which appear from time to time in your journal, I recently visited the Lincoln Art Gallery, and was struck by a huge collection of what I took to be the masterpieces of Matisse, Picasso, the Pauls Klee and Nash, etc. Imagine my chagrin on enquiring of the attendant, to be informed that they were the works of local schoolchildren, whose ages ranged from 4½ to 14 years. Please continue with the intensive training so that I (and others) may be spared this humility on future occasions.

Lincoln

W. G. POOLE

The Queen Margaret Statue at Lincoln

Your caption to the photograph of the Queen Margaret statue—illustrating Mr. Gladowe's talk in *THE LISTENER* of January 31—which Mr. S. Smith of Lincoln took at my request in the autumn of 1924, has post-dated the statue by a century. The work is typically late thirteenth century, and would seem to mark for us the very zenith of achievement of Gothic sculpture. One can state with but little fear of contradiction that in all Europe there is no statue of its type and period to equal it. It stands unique among its contemporaries in its presentation of personality, in its grace and dignity, and in its great beauty of design. Though it has been gravely damaged since the photograph was taken, in an unskilful attempt to preserve it, it is still able to impress the onlooker at ground level thirty feet below.

Leighton Buzzard

JOHN L. HODGSON

Æsthetic Value of Functionalism

In a recent issue, Mr. Percy Friend, discussing certain results obtained in *THE LISTENER* test in æsthetics, suggests that it was not the theory of functionalism that led certain boys astray, but some garbled version of that theory which must have been given them. He asks me to read the first of last year's talks on Design in Modern Life, and to study an accompanying illustration. This I have done, and I have also read again the statements made about functionalist architecture, by functionalists, in your issue of July 26. My sympathy goes out to the boys' teachers. In the excellent talk on design, it is agreed that an object only fulfils its function well if it is pleasant to look at as well as satisfactory in use. But this does not take us very far. A hammock is pleasant to look at on a hot day, a glowing fire on a cold one. The ugliest petrol station is pleasant to the eye of the most confirmed æsthete if his tank is nearly empty and he is far from home. As for the illustration of the printing office, it is hardly clear enough for a judgment to be formed. In any case a discussion of the æsthetic value of its design would lead to the expression of many different opinions.

In *THE LISTENER* of July 26 a functionalist architect tells us that modern architecture is not a matter of æsthetics. In the same number a functionalist critic and teacher writes: 'It is in the attitude of mind in relating logical cause and effect that the scientific architect differs from his predecessors. He says to

himself 'I must be reasonable and if the result appears ugly and strange I must not change it at the expense of reason'. He then explains that nevertheless the searching for fitness for purpose produces beauty, and adds that in the future people may find sufficient pleasure in the mechanism, space and comfort of buildings. Study of the many modern books and articles on functionalism reveals other widely diverging views. What are the functionalist school-teachers to do? The boys in question are aged from 12-16, and would not be ready for theories of aesthetics. Could much more be done than give a little elementary teaching on simplicity, severity and fitness for purpose?

If other views were held, a belief in what Professor Alexander recently described in these pages as 'disinterested' construction, the power to make things that 'live beyond their uses in practice or in their own nature', then that would be another matter altogether. But it is not the matter under discussion. The functionalist movement is doing great service to art. We may, or may not, believe in the truth of its theory, or theories. But if we feel impelled to give teaching on functionalist lines, let us remember to take art of all kinds and all ages into our survey, and not be content until we have found a living principle that conditions the value of all.

Manchester

MARGARET H. BULLEY

Industrial Britain

Professor Hilton shows, with evident satisfaction, that employment is *replaced* as well as displaced as a result of change in public demand, and asks: 'Are we to stand aghast at this change in the direction of our labours . . . or are we to look on it with a curious and friendly eye as a healthy adaptation of our national

economy?' The answer may be found by considering what happens to the many victims of this 'healthy adaptation'. During the decline of their occupation they are harassed by fear of the future; finally the blow falls, and they are unemployed for long spells and exposed to the terrible mental and physical degeneration which that entails. Eventually they may be re-employed, but only the singularly fortunate succeed in obtaining employment offering a livelihood equal to that they previously had.

Plymouth

E. V. BLACKMORE

Broadcasting and Rationalism

I should like to add my plea to that of J. A. P. for more rationalistic criticism of the Gospels to be broadcast. Professor Ernest Barker, at the Bonar Law College in December, 1933, claimed that 'the B.B.C. has kept open house for the expression of different social, economic, political, and religious views', though I claim he speaks more truly when he says that the B.B.C. has perhaps done more for national culture than for national discussion. Religious views other than the orthodox, the credal, or those considered to be 'generally accepted' are exceptionally seldom heard at the microphone. Certainly the B.B.C. should not 'offend unduly large bodies of opinion at home', but does the B.B.C. realise what a large body of the public there is which wishes to look at God and the world through other than orthodox Christian eyes: or that this matter of the rationalistic treatment of religion is one of the utmost urgency; that what is established is unsatisfying, and that the B.B.C., in giving such generous measure to orthodoxy, shows itself to be out of touch with the deepest aspirations of the masses?

Manchester

H. K.

Establishment of British Rule in Africa

(Continued from page 272)

Company in 1895, and the East Africa Protectorate, known since 1920 as the Colony and Protectorate of Kenya, made its official appearance in the following year. On January 1, 1900, the Niger Company ceased to be Royal, and became a simple trading concern, while the territories it had administered and the claims it had acquired were ultimately to be joined with the old British colony of Lagos and the Protectorates of the river deltas, and to expand, under the guiding hand of Lord Lugard, into the greatest of our African Dependencies, the Colony and Protectorate of Nigeria. The process was delayed in the Rhodesias, but there too Company rule finally came to an end in 1924.

Brief reference has already been made to the British occupation of Egypt in 1882, and to the overthrow of Egyptian rule in the Sudan three years later. The great work of reconstruction carried out in Egypt under the extremely able direction of Lord Cromer is outside our present subject: but Egypt could not be considered safe so long as Dervish hordes maintained themselves by fire and sword upon her southern frontiers. Moreover, there was the death of Gordon to be avenged, and the prestige of the European to be restored. By 1896 the Egyptian army had been completely reorganised by British officers, and the time had come for the long-desired advance up the Nile. This was undertaken by Kitchener, in a methodical campaign in which British and Egyptian forces finally overthrew the power of the Khalifa Abdullahi at the battle of Omdurman in 1898.

In the next year it was decided that the Sudan should be under the condominium, or joint sovereignty, of Great Britain and Egypt. The flags of both countries are flown on all official buildings, and the Governor General, who is in supreme control of the military forces and of the civil administration, is appointed by the Khedive—now the King—of Egypt, on the recommendation of the British Government. British Governors were appointed from the outset to each of the Provinces, and British inspectors—who were later known as District Commissioners—supervised the local administration, which was staffed almost entirely by Egyptians. So matters remained until 1924, when the murder of Sir Lee Stack, the Governor-General of the Sudan, on the streets of Cairo, and the mutiny of the Egyptian garrison at Khartoum, called for a change of system. The Egyptian troops and the senior Egyptian civil servants were withdrawn from the country, and their place has since been taken, in ever-increasing measure, by the Sudanese themselves.

While sovereignty resides jointly in Great Britain and Egypt, the Sudan is a distinct entity, with administrative, legislative and judicial powers of its own. It recruits its own staff, and the work already accomplished by this carefully chosen body of British administrators is one of which their countrymen may well be proud.

Lastly, in this somewhat bewildering complex of countries under British administration, come the so-called mandated territories. So far as Tropical Africa is concerned, these are three in number—Tanganyika Territory in the east, and British Togoland and British Cameroons in the west. They once belonged to Germany, but, after the War, they were surrendered by her to the Principal Allied and Associated Powers. They were assigned to Great Britain by the Supreme Council of the Allies in May, 1919, and are each administered under a Mandate approved by the Council of the League of Nations. The terms of these Mandates are in accord with Article 22 of the Covenant of the League, which states that, to these 'peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilisation'. In actual practice, the main conditions laid down in these so-called B Mandates in Central Africa are that freedom of conscience or religion is guaranteed; that the slave trade, the arms traffic and the liquor traffic are prohibited; that the military training of the natives is limited to police purposes and defence; and that equal opportunities are assured for the trade and commerce of other Members of the League. To see that these conditions are carried out, reliance is placed upon the publicity involved in the submission by the Mandatory Power of an annual report to the Council of the League. The reports are carefully examined by the Permanent Mandates Commission, a body which acts for the Council in an advisory capacity.

All this points to an increased interest in Africa and the well-being of its peoples. Little known and unappropriated fifty years ago, the Dependencies in Tropical Africa are today a most important part of our Colonial Empire. They have been rushed headlong into contact with a civilisation infinitely more advanced than their own, and the consequences of this half-century of rapid change give food enough for thought. They offer possibilities of human good—or ill—such as the African has never known before.

Books and Authors

Diversity of Travellers

Niger. By Lewis Grassic Gibbon. Porpoise Press. 12s. 6d.

A Tramp Royal in Wild Australia. By Archer Russell. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Interlude in Ecuador. By Janet Mackay. Duckworth. 10s. 6d.

Shetland, the Isles of Nightless Summer. By William Moffat. Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by I. M. PARSONS

THESE are as many ways of writing about a country as there are of seeing it. You may go, as most of us do now and again, to a not very distant or unimaginable country—I mean a pleasant and civilised country—and write about it chattily, setting down day-to-day events which strike you as interesting, amusing or instructive. Or you may visit remote and very probably uncomfortable parts of the world, and write about them more or less excitingly, according to your nature, your powers of imaginative description, and your regard for truth. Lastly—and these are the real adventurers—you may go to practically unexplored regions of the earth's surface and write about them when you get back, if you get back, with that detached matter-of-factness which people who visit these places somehow seem to acquire. Personally, I like the last variety best. In them modesty and heroism go hand in hand. Their reticence always makes it easy to believe everything they tell one, and to imagine oneself performing similar deeds of exemplary valour. After all, I suppose that's as good a test of a travel book as any, whether or not it sets your imagination working freely enough to transport you to the scene of action.

Of all the books I have just read, *Niger*, a book on Mungo Park, makes easily the biggest demand on one's imagination. Not, let me hasten to add, because of any suggestion of falsehood in Mungo's story of his travels. Far from it. It is perfectly clear from the account which Mr. Lewis Gibbon gives of him that he was the soul of truth—at any rate up till the last desperate throw when he resorted to under-statements almost amounting to lies to calm possible suspicion and anxiety at home. But the incredible things which happened to him on that first journey from the mouth of the Gambia to the interior, stark truth as they are, ask more belief than—well, than the Scotsman could find for the idea of a 'flying fish'. That was in 1795-6. He had come out from England at the instance of the newly-formed English African Association, with a commission to investigate as far as possible the mysterious 'Great River' of which so much had been heard and so little was known. It had been seen at various dates by various explorers, from prehistoric times onward. Some said it rose in the Nile and flowed west to the Atlantic. Others, that it rose in the mountains of the West Coast and lost itself in the sands of a central desert. Timbuctoo, a fabulous city of golden temples, was supposed to stand on its banks. All that was known was that it existed (though it might turn out to be the Gambia or the Congo under another name) and that it was huge, remote and mysterious.

Mungo Park changed all that. If you want to find out *how* he changed it you must read this book. But, as I warned you, it is not an easy story to believe. When one reads of a young man of twenty-four, alone except for two negro servants (who were eventually forced to abandon him) penetrating 500 miles into a series of warring tribal kingdoms, whose language he couldn't speak, who robbed him of all he possessed, leaving him without food, money or anything but a compass and the clothes he stood up in—when you read on that he continued pushing into the interior, despite hunger, thirst, fever and attacks from wild animals and very much wilder natives, it puts a strain on the imagination. But Mungo came through. He reached the Niger and got back, after having been away two-and-a-half years. Everybody, of course, both at home and in Africa, had long ago given him up for dead. After all, hadn't his immediate predecessor on this mission, Captain Houghton, been murdered by the Moors? There was every reason to suppose young Mr. Park had suffered a similar fate. But he hadn't; though he missed it by inches about once a week during these two-and-a-half years. And he not only survived, he brought back with him a sheaf of notes on every conceivable subject connected with the countries he had passed through. He had kept them in his beaver hat—the only one of his possessions beside his shirt and trousers which he brought back from the interior.

Perhaps, all things considered, it would have been better if

Mungo Park hadn't survived. Knowledge and further exploration of one of the world's great rivers would have been postponed for half a century, but other things more terrible than that would not have happened. Because there was another expedition. It was a different affair this time, a government affair with Captain Park in charge of thirty-five English soldiers, two sailors and four carpenters, and accompanied by his brother-in-law and a friend. And if Mungo Park was certainly the greatest lone explorer we have ever produced, he was equally one of the last to put in charge of an expedition. He started at the wrong time, when the rains were coming on. Also, he went too fast for his men; and he under-estimated the number of transport animals he would need. The result was horrible. By the time the Niger was reached the expedition's numbers had been reduced through sheer privation, exhaustion and disease from forty-four to five. But Park held on. Another soldier died, another went mad. Three souls survived to reach Timbuctoo with their wits and bodies whole, to pass on, with the relentless Park, down the Niger still, to—but I mustn't spoil the story. You must read it for yourself in Mr. Gibbon's lively account of this brilliant, enigmatic, fanatical Scotsman.

From Nigeria to Central Australia is a long hop, but the remoter portions of the globe bear a striking resemblance to each other once you start trying to explore them. Or so it seemed to me when I started to read Mr. Archer Russell's *Tramp Royal in Wild Australia*. Either the country you have to traverse is incredibly bare and barren, in which case you wither of heat and thirst, or it is composed of impassable jungle, in which case you lose your way and perish of hunger, or, as the novelists say, 'fall an easy prey to wild beasts'. Central Australia is mostly desert. Mr. Russell started out with the intention of tramping on foot through the Central Plains, but was lucky enough to meet an old 'Inlander', a man who earned his living by hunting dingoes, who offered him a camel if he cared to join his train. Together they crossed the 'Inland' from east to west, during one of the worst droughts ever known. On the way they met sand whirlwinds strong enough to uproot trees; suffered a good deal from thirst and heat (the sand in the daytime was hot enough to burn the hooves of the cattle), and faced the usual privations of life under such conditions. But the Inlander had some good stories to tell, and Mr. Russell kept his eyes and ears open. For myself, the call of the Gibber Steppes is, shall I say, a little faint. But reading about them in a comfortable armchair is quite another matter.

I have also been reading two other travel books, of a rather different sort—books, that is to say, about more genial and accessible parts of the world. The first is by a lady from Vancouver, Miss Janet Mackay, whose *Interlude in Ecuador* is the kind of book you or I always think we might have written had we been fortunate enough to have a sister living in Ecuador and been able (which is even more unlikely) to spend a holiday visiting her. Breezy, suave and discursive, it belongs to that class of travel book which might almost have been written in the form of letters home: but by an exceptionally good letter-writer, with an eye for scenery and any event of interest, wide sympathies and a fluent pen.

The last book on my list is different again. For Mr. Moffat is not out to make your blood curdle with adventures, or your sides ache with laughing. He is out to tell you about Shetland, that small group of islands 120 miles North of John o' Groats, of which he is a native and appropriately proud. He is out to tell you everything about life there, starting by clearing away a few misconceptions—such as that Shetland is one of the Hebrides (which a lot of people think it is), or that the Shetlanders are Scots (which I always thought they were)—and ending by giving you a complete picture of life in Shetland. Lastly, he is quite frankly out to make you go there on your next holiday. And I am not sure yet that Mr. Moffat won't be responsible for at least one of his readers making the trip.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

John Evelyn. By Arthur Ponsonby. Heinemann. 15s.

THIS CLEAR AND WELL-PROPORTIONED BIOGRAPHY attempts, as its author says, to readjust the balance between John Evelyn and Samuel Pepys. Evelyn was far the more important during his life, and was remembered as a figure of some distinction throughout the eighteenth century, while Pepys was completely forgotten. In the early nineteenth century their records were published, and their positions reversed. Lord Ponsonby is too fond of Pepys to complain very vehemently about this, but he does go so far as to say that Evelyn's life was incomparably more interesting than Pepys', and to imply that we should therefore be more interested in it. Evelyn's character and position, Lord Ponsonby argues, were very much higher than Pepys', but if interestingness depended on social status Pepys would be dull, and if it depended on character he would be positively dreary. At a distance of two hundred and fifty years, it means little to us that Evelyn walked with Charles the Second in Whitehall, and discussed the rebuilding of St. Paul's with Christopher Wren, and was spiritually strengthened by Jeremy Taylor. Even this last experience was a somewhat formal one, and carries us but a small way into human nature compared with the regular alternation of enjoyment and remorse in the private life of Pepys.

To feel the difference between Pepys and Evelyn, one has only to imagine how Pepys would have recorded the following incident. Evelyn was returning from Italy, and on reaching Beverlita, on the Savoy side of Lake Geneva, sought accommodation for the night in a crowded house. 'I caused one of our hostess' daughters to be removed from out of her bed', he writes blandly, 'and went immediately into it while it was yet warm'. This part of the incident is charitably omitted by Lord Ponsonby, who gives the sequel. The daughter had smallpox, and Evelyn caught it and was delayed some weeks in his journey. In the same circumstances Pepys would certainly have recognised that he had been justly punished for turning the girl out of her bed, but Evelyn merely notes that he paid dearly for his impatience in getting into the bed without waiting for the sheets to be changed. To be less human than Pepys is the fate of most diarists, and Evelyn is human enough to give us many vivid fragments of experience and emotion. Here, for example, is his description of Cromwell's funeral—'the joyfulest funeral I ever saw for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went'. And here is a retrospect over his youthful travels, written with the glow which only natures unspoilt by self-indulgence preserve to the end: 'Whenever I think of . . . the sweet walks by the Tiber, the Via Flaminia, the gardens and villas of that glorious city, I call back the time, and, methinks growing young again, the opera we saw at Venice comes into my fancy, and I am ready to sing. . . . Forgive me, sir, this transport'.

Studies French and English. By F. L. Lucas
Cassell. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Lucas goes in search of times which are, alas, irretrievably lost. Comfortably lolling in his garden at Cambridge, he turns his back on the wagon-loads of new books being conveyed to the University Library, and steep himself in Ronsard, in Montaigne, or in the delicious meanderings of Proust. So he wafts himself, and us, through the past, indulging in what used to be called 'appreciation', or 'creative criticism', in which by your own writing you evoke in the reader the same feeling as the person you are writing about evokes in you. Then criticism becomes, not a slippery way, but a faery garden where the apples hang golden for the plucking, and the scented breezes, tuned by Apollo's lute. . . . But no! Mr. Lucas does it better: 'Though he smiled at Hélène's wistful longing to escape, as she gazed through the palace window out to the green fields of Montmartre, he shared it himself, till at one moment he breaks into a passionate cry to her, strange indeed on the lips of a Court-poet, to break the golden chain and flee with him away to some quiet obscurity'. 'Of all the manifold impressions that Proust leaves, the most memorable of all to me remains this gift of poetry—such that even in the midst of some passage when he seems like a bitter withering wind blowing in the flowers of a châteaugarden, the grey heavens will suddenly open and an unlooked-for shaft of sunlight turn his world to a dance of living green and gold again.' Mr. Lucas does it extraordinarily well, with Lang-

land, the Beddoes, Herbert, Crabbe, Dorothy Osborne and Flaubert: there is great charm and much sympathy in his work. If you have not read his authors, read him: he will save you the trouble of thought. Thought Mr. Lucas is himself anxious to avoid, for criticism is to be table-talk, autobiography, pleasant murmurs in which the complainings must only be sweet. There must be no directive idea. There is much to be said for his view that criticism must not be solemn, but there is no reason why it should not be serious, and this involves having an idea as to the purpose of literature in general, and of what standards gradually emerge out of our reading. To read Mr. Lucas is really to get your literature at second-hand, through the veil of his feelings, for he criticises, not through the enunciation of thoughts we can either approve or reject, but through his sensitiveness, which must necessarily be his alone. He is, indeed, like a magnificent cat, sunning himself superbly, and dreaming of bygone feasts. But what is this chill wind that occasionally ruffles the fur? Modern criticism! The claws now and again open, and scratch a little, maliciously. Then there is a blast. The cat springs up, his tail lashing; he spits at Mr. Eliot and Mr. Read, the paws flash out and savagely maul those unfortunate men, tear off pieces of flesh: and holding up the dripping gobbets, the cat declares, 'See what a ridiculous thing modern criticism is!' The gobbets disappear, the comforting process of digestion sets in, and the cat returns to its somnolent purrings with an appropriate essay 'Of Silence'.

Psychoanalysis and Medicine. By Karin Stephen
Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.

Dr. Stephen's book is a lucid and moderate exposition of neo-psychoanalytic theory as applied to the understanding of symptoms of bodily illness that cannot be attributed to organic causes. Working with 'the Freudian hypothesis used in psychoanalysis', Dr. Stephen endeavours to 'get across' to minds trained in clinical medicine, and at purely intellectual conscious levels of thought, the significant part played by deeply unconscious emotional factors in all vital manifestations, and particularly in illness. These factors are the instinctual forces determining behaviour, or, in Freudian terminology, they are 'wishes' that find an ultimate distorted expression in the neurotic symptom for unsatisfied thwarted cravings. The wish to fall ill, then, is a misdirection of vital striving, of the wish to live, the endless variety of illness being due to the enormous complexity of the circumstances. Dr. Stephen has set herself an exceedingly difficult task, not only because, as Dr. Jones writes in his preface, 'the subject-matter itself, *i.e.*, the workings of the unconscious mind, is concerned with modes of thought extremely alien to those with which we are familiar', but also because of the inherent difficulty of dealing descriptively in any clear-cut way with the intangible and indefinite qualities and quantities of emotional process. Psychoanalysis is an emotional experience shared by patient and physician; the observer himself takes part in the process he is supposed to be observing; its data cannot be verified by a third party nor its experiments ever be truly repeated. These peculiarities of psychoanalytic knowledge will militate for an indefinite time against its acceptance by the objectively—scientifically—trained mind. This is not for a moment to question here the major inferences that have been drawn from long experience of the Freudian discipline, but merely to illustrate why these inferences do meet with much opposition and why, however delightfully and without technical obscurities Dr. Stephen writes, her book is nevertheless difficult for the uninitiated. It demands, as any serious exposition of the subject must, serious reading; that it will win this tribute from many readers is certain. A most attractive and stimulating book.

Patmore: A Study in Poetry. By Frederick Page
Oxford University Press. 6s.

No one, for a generation past, can claim to be both classically read and up-to-date in English poetry without knowing, also, three things, often neglected: that Patmore was a greater religious poet than Thompson (the 'only religion left at Eton', it has somewhere else been said); that Pascal is the thinker most worthy to be compared with him (see, if you are lucky enough to find a copy, 'The Rod, the Root, and the Flower'); and that Patmore, unlike most poets, can be a poet on all levels, the domestic as the mystical, on the humdrum ground or the Alpine height. These comments are the inferential corroborations of

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Mr. Page's essay, newly based upon the poet's hitherto unranked private note-books and on an unrivalled knowledge of Patmore's poetry, life, criticism and occasional (elsewhere unidentified) prose. Why 'The Angel in the House' has yet survived, among the finer critics, the ridicule that redeemed its first popularity, is this. Ridicule never frightens an honest simplicity; and Patmore, who wrote an essay on the three kinds of simplicity, had the 'simplicity of genius'; some would add 'of wisdom' too. Consequently, though he much revised the text, and made deletions, the poem, after this latest revision, remained unwatered. The weakest lines, and his ear reached its final virtuosity very slowly, went; but the theme of human love and marriage as a rehearsal of the union of the soul with God, and the insistence upon the symbolic significance of the tritest episode in the nuptial relation, remained integral: to culminate, by way of the famous 'Unknown Eros', in the unfinished poem of 'The Marriage of the Blessed Virgin', of which, for the first time, Mr. Page gives us the plan and the authentic notes.

In a masterly little biographical chapter, the poet's life is compressed. In a persuasive chapter the metre of the Odes, the free tetrameter, with its lines of varied syllabic length, but with a regularity of time secured by the equivalence of pauses, is explained, and more clearly than before or by others.

Discipleship is open to extravagances; but this author's, though easy to suggest if there were room, are so few as to be obvious, and (in effect) are nearly negligible. He re-offers the loveliness, first of all; then, this in a poet with a philosophy, a religion, plus a set of critical principles, ranging from art to politics; and—this is the chief virtue and the avowed motive of this book—a radiant poetic beauty in Patmore's best, and so curiously unified, verse of each period, that hang together: fit for our time as well as for his own, but the creature of neither. Mr. Page himself writes beautiful prose, having more than sometimes caught, perhaps from his favourite, the embracing secret of convincing the reason through the feelings, the feelings through the reason. This study is an exquisitely scholarly interpretation, by insight and selection, of one—a writer, at his best, like a great wine—an (or rather this) introduction to whom might save the better sort of a despairful generation from themselves.

William Thorne's Chronicle of St. Augustine's Abbey
Translated by A. H. Davis. Blackwell. 32s.

Few cities in Europe had two such monasteries as Canterbury, with its cathedral priory, and the almost equally great abbey of St. Augustine. The present book is a translation of the chronicle written by a monk of Chaucer's time, based for its earlier portion upon a brother of the same abbey, Spert. The original Latin is almost inaccessible to any but special students, buried as it is, with nine others, in Twysden's great eighteenth-century folio of nearly 1,400 pages. It is here translated adequately, and supplied with an introduction and notes, which will be of great assistance to the reader. The index is specially good.

The volume may therefore be warmly recommended as a real addition to a class of literature which seems to be, as it certainly ought to be, on the way to increased popularity. It is one of the few most intimate English monastic chronicles: of those, that is, which give the most intimate view of actual monastic life. From the strictest historical standpoint, this is not a great chronicle; Thorne is too parochial. But, for readers interested in social history, that is all to the good; there is no volume from which the discerning reader can more clearly visualise how men lived in those two great Canterbury monasteries in Chaucer's time. For this purpose, we welcome his narrow—it may almost be said, his ferocious—patriotism: nothing in the great world interests him in comparison with his interest in the little world of St. Augustine's: therefore we have here a real human document, of the kind which is often welcomed by a professional man for an hour's reading after the hard day's work, and which ought to be bought by all libraries that can afford it. For 733 closely-printed 8vo pages, in very clear type, the price is certainly not excessive.

Those of us who, like Thackeray, love to read about eating and drinking, may turn first to Abbot Bourne's installation-feast in 1309 (page 397). Thorne records the whole cost 'because modern times cannot be compared to the times that are past in richness of supplies and abundance of products of the earth'. The total was £287 5s., a sum which would have defrayed the wages of 74 artisans for a whole year, or of 15 mason-architects of a royal castle. After oxen, swine and sheep come a number of smaller

items—1,000 geese, 600 rabbits, 200 sucking pigs, 9,600 eggs, and so on. The beer came to at least 4,000 gallons, with 11 tuns of wine; the guests numbered '6,000 and more'.

There is a whole romance, again, in the story of Peter de Dene, which can be traced successively through the index. He was engaged as lawyer by the monks and lived in the abbey; he gave them considerable benefactions: then a pique began; then 'escape—recapture—imprisonment—appeal to pope—scene in abbey—recantation'; let us quote so much as this from the index in order to whet curiosity in a book which is rich in pictures of life inside the cloister, and full of evidence as to the monks' relations with citizens and peasantry and rival monasteries, or with their clerical brethren in 'the world', from archbishop down to parish priest.

Hitler, Whence and Whither? By Wickham Steed
Nisbet. 3s. 6d.

This reprint of lectures given at King's College, London, is an important contribution to the literature of the Nazi Revolution, and Mr. Steed's intimate knowledge of European affairs makes his explanation of the aims and methods of Hitlerism particularly opportune. For there was lacking a study of the psychological background of Adolf Hitler and his movement, and this is here most adequately provided. Mr. Steed shows that the 'Nordic Legend' of superiority which has been interwoven with the whole Nazi movement had its beginnings in the influence exercised upon young Hitler of the writings of the Count de Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, whose works became his bedside books as they had been those of the ex-Kaiser. The Gobineau-Chamberlain doctrine of the innate superiority of the Northern Teutonic races is the main source both of the dynamic forces in Hitlerism and of the hybrid mystic quality which has made of it the present working religion of the German people. In similar manner the German Chancellor's anti-Semitic obsession is traced to his early discovery in Vienna that Jews were battenning on prostitution and were engaged in white slave traffic. From that moment he regarded the Jew as 'un-German', and the Jewish influence over the cinema, the theatre, and literature appeared to him demoralising. 'So today', he wrote in *Mein Kampf* years later, 'I believe that I act according to the mind of the Almighty Creator. In beating off the Jew I fight for the work of the Lord'.

In subsequent chapters Mr. Steed demonstrates the challenge which the new Nordic creed extends to Europe, for the object of the totalitarian State, as disclosed by its own architects, is to create a solid *Reich* embracing all branches of the German race, whether living under French, Danish, Polish, Czech or Italian sovereignty. The method employed is not so much to attack these various 'Germanic' regions outside the borders of Germany as to organise in them Nazi movements, under approved leadership and on the German model, so that, when these movements have grown strong enough, they may demand the inclusion of those regions in the community of Germanic peoples. It is these tactics which are today being employed against Austria, and upon their success the fate of other similar communities may depend.

Plants and Human Economics. By Ronald Good
Cambridge University Press. 5s.

This book is essentially an elementary text-book of economic botany suitable for the higher forms in schools and the first year classes at the universities. The author rightly protests that this aspect of botany, most intimately connected with human affairs, is the most neglected and least taught. The book is more than a mere recital of botanical facts. Mr. Good has attempted, with success, to include such historic and economic facts as are necessary to give the student an adequate historic background to his studies. The first and last chapters are the most important and generally interesting from this point of view. The book is illustrated with a number of maps showing the distribution of the more important cultivated crops of all kinds. A study of these maps will impress the reader with the interdependence of the countries of the world upon each other for essential commodities of every kind, and will lead to reflections on the dangers of tariffs and other barriers to trade, which cannot be pursued here. Altogether the book is an admirable one for the purposes it is meant to serve. Extra-mural classes will find it an eminently readable book, with a distinct bearing on the current problems of economics and world politics.

French Literature of Today

THE French Academy has at long last produced its Grammar: the first edition came out early in 1932, was sold in enormous numbers and aroused a storm of ridicule. Monsieur Ferdinand Brunot published his *Observations sur la Grammaire de l'Académie française*, on the cover of which he printed this:

'Tous les bons Français doivent souhaiter une *plein* réussite à cette grammaire qui ajoutera à la *haut* considération dont jouit l'Académie.

'(Nouvelle règle d'accord des adjectifs suivant la *Grammaire* p. 92)'. On turning to page 92 of the *Grammaire de l'Académie française*, one did come upon the following:

'Certains adjectifs, comme *nu*, *mi*, *demi*, *haut*, *plein*, *franc*, restent invariables quand ils précèdent le nom et s'accordent avec le nom quand ils le suivent: il est sorti *nu-tête*, la tête *nue*. A *mi-jambe*. Une *demi-heure*, une *heure et demie*. *Haut les mains*, la main *haute*. *Plein ses poches*, les poches *pleines*. Envoyer *franc* de port une lettre, une lettre *franche* de port'.

Whoever had written the *Grammaire* had certainly been guilty of hasty generalisation. It was whispered that no Academician was really guilty, that a professional grammarian from outside had done the job, and a small commission of two or three, or perhaps of one Academician had accepted it; and that the Academy as a whole had gone to sleep when a decision had had to be taken—and had said 'yes' in its sleep. Well, anyway, there had been all round *une grande légèreté*.

It had, however, been very brave of the Academy to write, or cause to be written, a *Grammaire* while omitting to elect Monsieur Ferdinand Brunot as a member. For, by universal—that is, world-wide—consent, Monsieur Brunot is the one man of genius who has renovated completely the study of the French language. Here was an *impasse*. For, of course, this pamphlet of Monsieur Brunot closes the Academy to him for ever—unless the Academy is really more Christian than Christianity itself.

'Les écrivains ne manquent point à l'Académie. La France a aussi des grammairiens. Personne, j'imagine, ne sera tenté de croire que je pose ici ma candidature; si cela était, il faut avouer que j'aurais pris un moyen au moins singulier.

'Il suffit que ceux qu'on appellera soient instruits. On ne leur demande point du génie. Vaugelas n'avait que du zèle et de l'application.

'Si ce rêve pouvait se réaliser, on ne verrait plus, comme ici, confondre les lettres et les sons, ou bien les modes et les temps.

'La Compagnie guérirait aussi de ce fétichisme de l'orthographe, qui l'a si souvent égarée, et s'est interposé entre son analyse et les faits réels, cachant la vérité du langage sous l'apparence de l'écriture. On ne verrait plus pêle-mêle des féminins purement graphiques confondus avec des féminins vrais'.

Thus defeated in the first round, the Academy became braver still. Someone or other (the old formula is here quite literally true) undertook to make Monsieur Brunot's *Observations* penetrate, tidy up and renovate the *Grammaire*. A new edition has thus been produced, and introduced by a dignified preface:

'L'Académie, aussitôt après avoir publié la première édition de sa *Grammaire*, en a entrepris la revision, ainsi qu'elle a coutume de faire pour le Dictionnaire de l'usage, dont le travail, selon sa tradition constante, doit être ininterrompu.

'Parmi les observations qui lui ont été adressées, elle a tenu compte de toutes celles qui lui ont paru justifiées. Non contente de corriger les erreurs de détail qui avaient pu lui échapper, elle a remanié certains chapitres sur lesquels elle avait passé trop rapidement, soucieuse avant tout de simplicité et de brièveté. C'est ainsi que l'étude de la Proposition a été étendue, notamment en ce qui concerne le genre et le nombre des noms, l'accord de l'adjectif qualificatif, l'emploi de l'infinitif. Les chapitres sur la Phrase ont été entièrement refondus.

'Mais elle n'a eu garde de se départir des principes qu'elle avait délibérément adoptés. Elle s'est tenue également éloignée des conservateurs attardés qui lui reprochaient, par exemple, d'avoir admis la division des verbes en trois groupes, alors que cette division est enseignée dans toutes les écoles de France, et des novateurs qui l'invitaient à compliquer inutilement la terminologie'.

Everyone immediately looked up page 92 of the first edition, and the rule quoted above had been transformed into:

'Certains adjectifs, comme *nu*, *demi*, restent invariables quand ils précèdent le nom et s'accordent avec le nom quand ils le suivent: Il est sorti *nu-tête*, la tête *nue*. Une *demi-heure*, une *heure et demie*. On dit envoyer *franc* de port une lettre, une lettre *franche* de port. *Mi*, qui précède toujours le nom, est invariable: à *mi-côte*, à *mi-jambe*.

'D'autres adjectifs restent aussi invariables, mais à la façon d'adverbes, dans des constructions comme: *Bas les mains!*

Bas les armes! Haut les mains! Haut les cœurs! Monter un cheval haut la bride. Plein la bouche, etc.'

On page 193, the Academy had said: 'On ne dit pas, ou on ne devrait pas dire: *J'ai très faim*'. Monsieur Brunot asked why one should not say it; and stated that everyone did say it. So on page 163 of the new edition the Academy changed its formula and said: 'La langue familière admet: *j'ai très faim, j'ai très soif*'.

And so on! In short the Academy obtained the collaboration of Monsieur Brunot without having to make him an Academician. A mean trick after all, for Monsieur Brunot ought to have been an Academician long ago, and now he can never become one. However, he belongs to the category of famous men to whose fame election to the Academy can add nothing.

The result is that we now have what seems to me an excellent though elementary Grammar (and being elementary is one quality the more). An English edition* (in French) has been prepared to meet the English taste for bindings, as the French issue is under paper covers. Sir Denison Ross has contributed an elegant and charming introduction in English. Unfortunately, this *Grammaire* is doomed to give arms to its enemies, and the printers bungled Sir Denison Ross' only quotation in French, and made of François premier le *Père de Lettres* instead of le *Père des Lettres*. I can bear witness that Sir Denison Ross is not guilty, as I met him on the day before publication, and he had discovered the misprint too late for correction, as the final proof had been sent not to him, but to the Academy, which again was caught in its sleep. No doubt here again a new edition will put things right. Then we can recommend the *Grammaire de l'Académie* at last without reservations.

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The poet Fernand Gregh, in praise of whom I have already written in THE LISTENER, has now published a huge and very helpful volume on *l'Œuvre de Victor Hugo*. Hugo is undoubtedly the greatest of all the French poets, and one of the great dozen or so of the world's masters. In sheer power of imaginative poetical creation he probably stands first. But a large part of his work is of inferior quality and belongs to the inferior strata of cheap romanticism. It is, therefore, extremely precious to have the comments of a very distinguished critical mind, and a poet's mind as well. Lovers of French poetry will be grateful to Fernand Gregh for discoursing at full length on the poetical beauty of this or that passage. For instance, he does not like the end of *Booz endormi*. Will not thousands join issue with him? But they will not read this book without knowing Hugo much better nor without acquiring a personal regard for Fernand Gregh.

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Several eminent French authors, Valéry Larbaud, Jean Prévost, Jules Supervielle, have collaborated with Marcelle Auclair to translate properly into French *Don Segundo Sombra*, by Ricardo Güiraldes: a novel of the life of the South American gaucho. The great trouble taken has been well repaid: the translation is admirable. The book itself was worth the trouble. It must be a masterpiece in the Spanish, and it is one in the French. There is no tale told, but a recital of ordinary and extraordinary incidents. The characters are endowed with a nobility of attitude and spirit which the simplicity of the presentation makes most winning. There is not a trace of bombast. This book will be put with W. H. Hudson's books on South American life, and is perhaps even more enjoyable. Here is, among many fine things, a description of the crab-infested bogs:

'De loin, nous vîmes noircir les longues franges de boue. Elles grandissaient à notre approche, et c'était comme si le monde croissait. Mais quel monde! Un monde mort, allongé dans la douleur de sa peau blessée.

'Par des flots de chaume, Patrocinio me conduisit de manière que je sentisse aussi le borbier à crabes derrière moi.

'"Vous allez voir", me dit-il.

'Il descendit de cheval, sur le bord d'une ravine à bords boueux et noirs, criblés comme par des coups de fusil, de trous de diverses grandeurs. De diverses grandeurs aussi, étaient des crabes plats et pattus qui se promenaient de côté, en une attitude fanfaronne et comique. Il attendit qu'une de ces bêtes sortit de son trou et, habilement, il trancha sa carapace d'un coup de couteau. Il la jeta sur la boue, à quelques pas, gigotant encore. Cent courses de profil, rapides comme des ombres, convergèrent vers cet endroit. Il se forma un tourbillon de petits ronds noirâtres, de pinces dressées. Tous, ridiculement, gigotaient une gigue à six pattes, sur les restes du compagnon. Quels restes! Au bout d'un petit instant, ils se séparèrent: il ne restait pas trace du sacrifié. Par contre, eux, surexcités par leur commencement de banquet, s'attaquaient les uns les autres, esquivaient les attaques qui arrivaient par derrière, se dressaient face à face, les pattes hautes et les tenailles bien ouvertes'.

DENIS SAURAT